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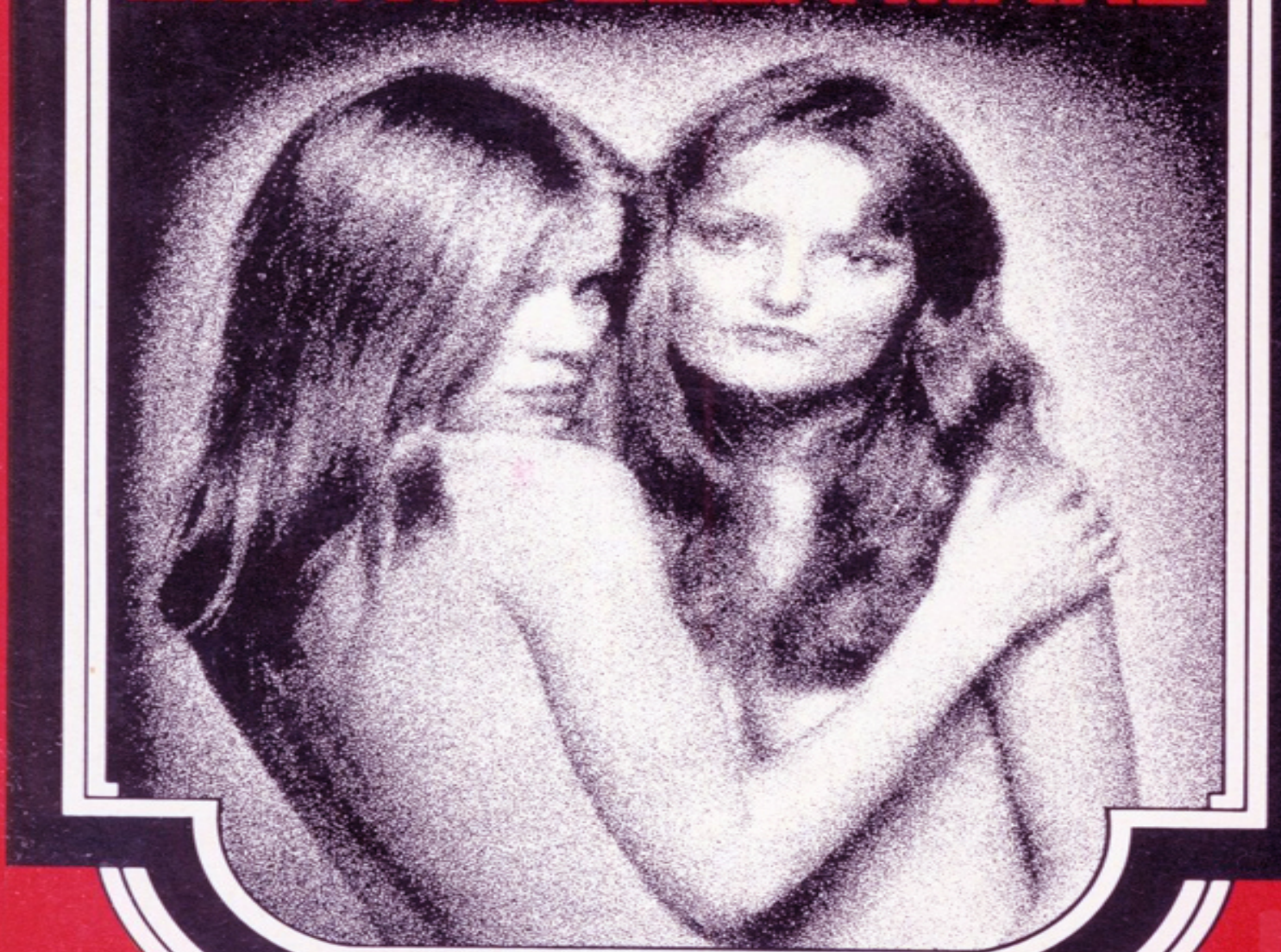
a beeline book

LACE AND LEATHER LESBIANS

LILITH DELLA MARE



CHAPTER ONE

Sixteen-year-old Felice Kyle kissed her father and sister goodbye and waved to them with a cheerful, girlish smile as she showed her ticket at the airline boarding gate. Aboard, she took her seat, seeing that there were only a few other passengers in tourist. Near midnight, the big jet would take off to cross the country, taking the lovely teenager to visit with Clarise Denton, the mother of a school friend; Clarise‘s daughter and son were on an extended trip with relatives.

Felice was petite, but appeared so only in contrast since she was perfectly proportioned. Her golden-blonde hair was cut short and she wore pearl earrings that hung from inch-long gold wires. A matching necklace hung around the graceful column of her neck with three rows of pearls that lay against the golden-cream tan of her flesh. An Edwardian coat of bluish-silver silk, near the color of the pearls, fell to below her lush fanny, her matching skirt dropping to just above her knees, draping her shapely thighs. She unbuttoned the jacket in order to fasten her seat belt, revealing the blouse-top beneath. Supported by slender straps, the pink crepe-de-chine was buttoned below her breasts, at the top of her stomach and just above her navel, with buttons that blended with the cloth, the top falling to the tops of her thighs. Sleeveless, the garment exposed her breasts to the rims of her rosy-pink aureoles and the playful pout of her lower belly above the waistband of the skirt, the outward draping of the two sides leading the eye to her lap where the soft fabric curved to the shallow of her loins, her cunny and legs naked beneath.

Her fingers pressing against the smooth metal of the buckle and the latch, Felice glanced toward the front of the compartment and saw the stewardess taking orders from the four or five passengers seated ahead of her, the back half of the section empty but for her. The woman was tall, the graceful column of her neck and her long limbs

making her appear slender even though lush breasts stretched the voile top of her uniform, the slacks revealing full hips.‘ Light brown hair was brushed back from her broad forehead and parted in the middle, to fan out around her face in soft waves, the lobes of her ears uncovered and was cut to curve inward, falling from the centers of her shoulders and along the inner tops of her shoulder blades. Felice noted the light eyebrows over the defined superciliary arches. The woman‘s eyes were a subtle orchid color and tilted up to the outside corners, her lashes thick and dark around the prominent orbs. Her nose angled down almost directly from her forehead, the nostrils flaring out as the slender bridge widened to curve under to the cleft of her upper lip. The mouth was wide, naturally bordering on a smile, the lips full, the upper one tilting poutingly. Her cheekbones were high and her jaws curved down from the squared off upper portion of her face to meet at the corners of her prominent chin, the base of which was blunted.

„Having trouble?“ the stewardess asked, seeing that Felice was holding the still unfastened seat belt.

„Uh, yes,“ Felice nodded and the woman moved between the seats to sit on the edge of the lowered center section.

„See if I can fix it,“ the woman smiled, reaching down as Felice released the belt and her long, slender fingers brushed the exposed base of the girl‘s stomach. Her knuckles between the belt and Felice, the woman, whose name was Donna Sydney, slid the latch into the buckle, the side of her lowered face just below Felice‘s, her perfume caressing Felice‘s nostrils. „There we go,“ Donna smiled, drawing her fingers from under the belt, stroking the bottom of the top free. „Would you like a drink?“ she asked, raising her eyes to Felice‘s, their faces only inches apart.

„Some wine?“ Felice asked, looking into the deep lavender of the woman‘s eyes.

„Right,“ Donna nodded after a moment and stood, her slacks tight around the hips, molding to the lushness of her buttocks and then falling loosely over her long legs. „Be after our takeoff,“ she smiled and moved back down the aisle toward the rear of the airliner.

Felice touched her fingertips to the flesh the stewardess‘ fingers had caressed with their tapered softness. Her eyes were thoughtful as the plane began to move toward its takeoff lane. She lifted the earphones, slipping the slender headpiece over her head and tried out the three channels till she found music she liked. Tilting the seat back, she stretched out, looking out at the patterns of the field lights in the darkness.

Airborn, the seat belt-no smoking signs out, Donna served drinks to the passengers in front of Felice and then brought her a glass of wine, not bothering to charge her.

„I can get you a blanket if you‘d like to sleep,“ Donna said and Felice thanked her, watching the woman pass blankets out as she sipped the wine. The seat lights began to go out one by one, the primary illumination coming from the concealed lights above the aisle and from the galley. Donna adjusted the seats so that Felice could stretch out across them and put the light blanket down atop the seat on the aisle. „Call out if you want anything,“ Donna said in a soft voice, looking into Felice‘s golden-brown eyes and the girl nodded, slipping out of her jacket, the pink top falling away from her as she leaned forward, one rounded dome fully revealed, the nipple standing out from the rosy-pink aureole.

„Guess everyone‘s gone to the john and settled down, huh?“ Felice said, draping her jacket over the seat before her. Moonlight came through the window to glow in the gold of her hair, the pale gray headpiece indenting the short cropped hair. The rhythms of the music playing through the earpieces were becoming more intricate.

Donna looked toward the front of the plane and saw the other seat lights out, Felice‘s co-passengers sleeping, or slipping into it. Felice reached up and turned out her light, took her wine glass from the tray and latched the panel back into the seat ahead. She took a sip of the wine, looking at Donna over the rim and then held the glass out to her. Donna‘s long fingers brushed the girl‘s as she took the glass and Felice raised the top from her side, her fingers freeing the snap of her skirt and drawing the zipper slowly down, the rasp of the metal blending with the hum of the jet engines. Felice raised up from the seat and pushed the skirt down her thighs, revealing the burnished gold triangle of fur covering her abdomen and cunny.

„I guess you‘re about through till we land-nothing to do now but ... nap?“ Felice said softly, stretching her shapely legs out on the bed of the seats, the moonlight catching in the fur of her underbelly, sparkling for a moment in damp pinkness. „Is there?“ she asked with a warm smile, laying her head back against the pillow Donna had brought with the blanket, the woman looking back up toward the quiet front section again. „Tuck me in?“ Felice whispered, her eyes shining and she curled her toes in the folded blanket.

Donna stood looking down into the girl‘s face for several moments, her breathing tightening. She moistened her lips, uncertain and then slowly moved her eyes toward the blanket at her side, seeing the globes of Felice‘s breasts nestled in the low-cut top, the round nipples indenting the thin fabric, the rosy aureole of the right one peeking out. She also saw the base of her supple belly bordered by her slender waist, flowing out to full hips and in to her loins‘ bright pelt. Taking a deep breath, Donna bent from the waist to catch the comers of the deep blue cover and straightened partially, her hands lifting to shake the blanket loose. Her eyes met Felice‘s again, seeing the warm challenge within the golden-brown, a tempting promise beyond the girl‘s chronological age. Blinking, she turned her eyes quickly down to where the deep blue covered the trim ankles and drew the cover up over the softly tanned flesh, letting it drop free of

her hands above Felice‘s shoulders, concealing the beauty of the girl‘s near naked body. Her eyes again met Felice‘s, a tender smile tilting the corners of the girl‘s slightly wide mouth, a mouth almost exactly as wide as hers though the lips were not as full, appearing almost elfin in their suggestion of mischief.

„A good ... night kiss?“ Felice asked, her whisper a warm rustle and she slipped the headphones off, the music faintly audible in the stillness, seeming part of the engines‘ hum while the moonlight flowed through the portholes. „Yes,“ Felice whispered, setting the glass on the carpeted floor and she lifted her hand for Donna‘s. „You‘ve time for ... a nap,“ Felice gently urged, „haven‘t you?“

Her thoughts confused, Donna found her knees, feeling weak, letting her legs bend as if with a will of their own and she was sitting on the edge of the seat beside the girl‘s waist, her long fingers entwining with Felice‘s. Felice‘s other hand lifted to Donna‘s cheek, the fingertips curling to direct the woman‘s face down to hers. Their lidded eyes held, coming closer together and Felice‘s lips pressed softly to Donna‘s, flexing and the girl‘s pursed like a blossoming flower. Donna‘s eyes closed, her thoughts confused as her pulse raced. She swallowed, feeling dizzy and started to sit back, but Felice‘s fingertips drifted over her ear to the base of her head, holding her by their contact rather than by any pressure. The girl‘s lips parted and caught the furl of her upper lip between their soft shiftings. The girl‘s smaller hand flowed over hers, drawing it up toward her face, the sensitive inside of Donna‘s forearm drifting over cool cloth and warm flesh, over a firm breast and the rim of a soft aureole. Her breathing became more irregular, deeper and her lips opened. Felice‘s tongue filled the division with a humid caress, her hand tightening around Donna‘s, moving it over her cheek in slow orbits, the woman‘s forearm sliding over her breast, pushing the top away from the round nipple, the rosy-pink aureole, exposing all but the outer curve.

Felice‘s tongue slid between Donna‘s upper lip and her teeth, her one hand easing down toward the woman‘s shoulder, her fingernails grazing the long column of her throat, her other hand easing Donna‘s along her throat, the shoulder strap of her top slipping free to curl around her upper arm and Donna‘s finger tips touched the shallow between Felice‘s shoulder and chest. Donna‘s thighs pressed tightly together as the girl‘s long tongue flowed into her mouth, washing over her tongue in languid caresses. The crepe soles of Donna‘s shoes twisted against the carpeting, her fingertips being drawn down toward the high dome of Felice‘s exposed breast, the girl‘s hand touching the ring-tab of her uniform‘s zipper. Felice raised her knees, pushing over against the back of the seat to give Donna more room and the blanket fell away from her legs and from the wide pyramid of her muff, exposing the curlings of burnished gold misted above her palpitating slit. Their joined hands rested atop the luxuriant pillow of Felice‘s tit and she eased her fingers free of the woman‘s, leaving her hand upon the silky flesh and the hard nipple, allowing her to choose if she would remove her hand, or encase the warm firmness in her trembling grip. Felice‘s other hand slid the zipper down off Donna‘s uniform top, the russet voile opening to reveal the woman‘s high cleavage and golden-tanned flesh. The inner curves of her breasts merged without gaps with her pectoral major and minor muscles, forming a subtle slope from under each collarbone to each nipple, rounding at the bottoms not unlike Felice‘s. Donna‘s hand closed over the roundness of the girl‘s tit, Felice‘s fingers sliding under the top to finger the pinkish-tan of one of her burning nipples, sending a shiver of fire from the hard nub that seemed to increase the swollen sensation of her breast. Her tongue moved with Felice‘s.

Felice freed the zipper and caressed the top from the woman‘s shoulders, baring the succulent breasts with their erect nipples and darker aureoles, baring the pliant muscling of the belly of a swimmer, the slender arms, the small waist and high hips and the deep navel. Felice‘s head turned to the side, her serpentine tongue probing deeply into Donna‘s mouth and Donna‘s eyes flickered, focusing on

one of the girl‘s pearl earrings that rested against Felice‘s neck, the thin gold rod gleaming with the moon‘s light. The pearl, like a miniature expression.

Felice slid Donna‘s free arm from the blouse‘s sleeve and then moved her hand down the woman‘s arm and over to her wide breast, sliding her fingers over its voluptuous softness, catching the nipple between them. Donna groaned softly around the long tongue gliding over hers and clutched the girl‘s breast, pressing her down against Felice. She freed the buttons of the girl‘s top, pulling the cloth from between Felice‘s other breast and her own, crushing them together, Felice‘s hand moving down to her waist and the waistband of her pants. She spiraled her tongue around Felice‘s and licked the insides of her cheek, lifting herself from the seat as her slacks came open and Felice pushed them from her hips along with her panties. They shifted, reaching down to remove her shoes and the pants from around her ankles. Donna raised her legs to the seat, turning to hug Felice to her, to press their naked bodies together. The moonlight refracted from the girl‘s pearl necklace.

All hesitancy discarded, Donna circled Felice‘s tits with her hands, rubbing the girl‘s round nipples against her nubs, chafing their breasts‘ points against one another, her lips moving over Felice‘s face and ears, the girl‘s hands stroking the lush hills of her ass, their cunnies rubbing together, the girl‘s high muff nuzzling her abdomen, burnished gold curling with reddish brown hair, their vaginal lips kissing wetly around the staccato pulse of their clits. They rolled over, their bodies undulating together, their hands roaming over the delicious contours of one another‘s quivering flesh. The moonlight highlighted their flushed bodies, gleaming from the gold of necklace and earrings, from pearls and damp tongues.

Donna‘s long fingers curved against Felice‘s head, smoothing the soft hair back against her skull, her thumbs stroking the invisible down at her temples, the insides of her elbows pressing against the

satiny roundness of the girl‘s breasts, her full lips drifting over Felice‘s. Felice moved the fluid lushness of her body against Donna‘s, her stomach undulating as she arched her golden pelt up against the sorrel curlings, their bodies opening wide, pink blossoms wetly embracing, kissing hotly to send waves of arousal through their bodies, arousal that lapped at their minds, misting their thoughts with ecstasy. Felice rubbed the sharp edges of her pearly teeth against Donna‘s lips, her mouth widening and the liquid length of her tongue snaked between the woman‘s teeth, the pointed tip curling up to stroke Donna‘s palate.

Felice‘s hands gripped Donna‘s back just behind her underarms, massaging the pliant smoothness of her golden-tanned flesh, her tapered fingers drifting as if upon a keyboard, playing vibrant melodies of touch over Donna‘s skin. Donna‘s tongue lifted, flowing along the underside of the girl‘s, their ragged breaths fluttering together, their lips just touching, shifting ever so slightly. Donna rubbed the heels of her thumbs against the defined angle of Felice‘s cheekbones before her ears and down from the corners of her eyes, the wide rises softening below, leading the eye toward the corners of her mouth which now seemed carnal, open against Donna‘s, the natural furl accented, her upper lip curving from the sides and out to the ridged center, baring the rim of her smooth teeth above the serpentine movements of her long tongue.

Donna murmured into the humid cove of Felice‘s mouth, her pleasure pearl sweltering with Felice‘s in the fused corollas of their underbellies. She moved the palms of her hands down over Felice‘s ears which were laid back close to her head, the tips of her fingers pressing into the short hair, the heels pushing the flattened locks back from in front of her ears. Her head tilted back slightly as her mouth widened, Felice‘s tongue bathing her mouth with warm flutterings, the flat of the velvet soft blade wide, narrowing to the pointed tip which flicked at the backs of Donna‘s teeth, the top bathing the insides of her cheeks. Felice rotated her shoulders, turning the full

domes of her breasts against the high-sloped globes of Donna‘s, the damask studs of her nipples pressing the pink nubs of Donna‘s down into the firm weights. Her shoulders curved forward as she moved her palms up and down the woman‘s back, descending farther each time, following the sweep inward to the small of her back and out over the fullness of her lush ass cheeks, kneading the silky globes which Donna twisted back against her palms. Her cunny squirmed against the girl‘s, the burning convulsions of their nooks clamping tightly together, abundant surges of molten heat racing their senses, their quivering mounds convulsing with concentrations of luminous raptures. Their mouths parted, their heads going back, their features tightening, their bodies spasming together, their teeth clenching.

They shook with the intensity of their pleasure, their clits pulsing faster and faster, fusing with phosphorescent heat. They muffled their sobs of joy against and around warm softness, suckling one another‘s swollen breasts, licking the chafing burn of their nipples, hands clutching and stroking, their bellies tightening and twisting as the ovens of their cunnies buckled and contracted with vivid waves of heat that churned and crashed at their minds, white heat encasing their bodies, shining bright behind their closed eyelids. They tensed, their bodies shaking together as they came. Their lips were pulled back from their pearly teeth and their eyes were squeezed tightly shut. Their minds reeled as their shared climax zoomed through them. The near pain of their contracting recesses was suddenly released into dissolving ripples, their hips stuttering together around the whirlpool juncture of their clits, the pearly nodes seeming to taper to a pinpoint pivot of their beings. Ecstasy ricocheted back and forth, gaining velocity in the turmoil of heat and spasm, blurring, shedding all restraints, thrusting them into fulfillment, fulfillment that embraced them lovingly, gentled and soothed, containing them within the blinding apex of their culmination, bathing them in bliss.

Gradually, their features relaxed, their bodies‘ tension seeping away with the loosening of their muscles. Their breasts shivered with their

still trembling breathing, their lips parted, their nostrils flaring. Their nectar-soaked muffs clung wetly to their quivering mounds, the humid pinkness of their nether lips joined.

Their eyelids flickered, glazed golden-brown eyes looking into blurred violet eyes with contented satisfaction. Their lips curled in languid smiles and they gently embraced one another.

„You‘re so beautiful,“ Felice whispered, tracing Donna‘s light eyebrows with her fingertip, the inside of her thumb touching the woman‘s high cheekbone.

„I-“ Donna began, the words catching and she swallowed to clear her throat. „It was beautiful, what we ... what you did,“ she said with a shy lowering of her eyes.

„This is your first time?“ Felice asked with a tender smile, sliding her fingers up into the soft, light brown waves of Donna‘s hair and Donna nodded, smiling with pride at the praise implicit in Felice‘s tone.

„It seems kind of funny, me being ... what, ten years older than you?“ Donna remarked, a small laugh in her whispered words. „Would you like-I‘ll be continuing on after you get off, but ... I‘ll be back for a layover in a couple of days if you‘d ... ?“ Donna faltered, uncertain if the girl shared her desire to meet again, as well as not wanting to impose her desire on Felice, nor to be rejected....“ like to see you again?“ Felice finished for her. „Oh, of course, darling. Of course,“ she smiled glowingly, cupping Donna‘s cheek and Donna‘s full lips blossomed into a smile of relief and pleasure. „We‘ll drink a toast to it,“ Felice nodded and reached down to lift the wine glass from the floor.

Donna watched her sit up, raising the glass to her lips, the lifting of her arm causing the lush dome of her breast to pull high, the upper

curve more defined. Donna reached up and touched her fingertips to the rosy stud of the nipple, seeing that Felice‘s lips were the same soft pink as her nipples and aureoles. Felice leaned forward, moonlight gleaming from her close cut hair, making it look like a golden cloche. Their lidded eyes held and Felice pressed her puckered lips to Donna‘s, opening her mouth to let the wine flow into the woman‘s, their pink tongues swimming in the cool claret, swirling it back and forth as Donna‘s hand expanded to encase the silky roundness, her fingertips stroking under the firm pectoral leading down to it, her palm‘s center buffing the erect bauble of Felice‘s nipple as they both swallowed, their breathing deepening again.

Felice‘s eyes opened slightly, her lids heavy, her lips glossy with the moistness of the wine. She slid from the edge of the seat, the felt upholstery stroking her side, Donna‘s eyes following hers as Felice‘s free hand drew one of her legs from the seat, opening her thighs at the edge. Felice‘s eyes sparkled over the rim of the glass as she took another mouthful of the wine and she set the glass aside, her hands moving to Donna‘s high, full hips.

Her shoulders and the base of her head against the back of the seat, Donna watched Felice lean forward as her hands slipped around to cup her ass cheeks, the girl‘s arms stroking the outsides of her thighs as she moved them in around her face to stroke her cheeks against their silky insides. Donna sucked air in between her teeth, her head pressing back with the fluttering warmth teasing her senses and Felice‘s hands tightened at her backside, drawing her toward the edge of the seat, toward her wine-moistened lips and the russet purse of her cunny opened just beyond the rim, extended above the floor, the petal pink lips opening for the approach of Felice‘s lips.

Felice kissed the soft curls of Donna‘s muff, just grazing the lips and Donna‘s hips tilted up as she shifted her fanny against the upholstery, her face turning toward the windows. Felice sat back on her calves, her knees under the seat and she opened her lips at the top

of Donna‘s slit, letting the wine slowly seep from between her lips to trickle through the tiny curlings and into the ripe shallow, her nipples chafing against the upholstery of the seat between Donna‘s calves.

Donna pressed her teeth into the fullness of her lower lip, her nook quivering as the cool liquid eased over the hyper-sensitive pinkness in slow, wandering droplets, leaving trailings that quickened the hot pulsing that echoed throughout her in mind-clouding arousal. Music still whispering from the earpieces of the stereo headset, the hum of the jet engines merged with the tidal soundings that filled their ears. Feeling drunken from her kisses, Donna touched Felice‘s head, heat radiating from her cloven loins, the scent of the wine blending with the scent of her juices in a warm perfume that filled Felice‘s head with vertiginous raptures. She pressed her mouth into the quivering portals of the woman‘s sex, her tongue scooping inward, bathing itself in the heady liquor, each lathing undulation setting the walls of Donna‘s cunt ablaze, her stomach tightening and loosening in response to the intense flowerings of heat expanding from her loins, Felice‘s long and pliant tongue embroidering the tremoring sleekness of her furrow with delicious patterns of carnal pleasure. Donna gripped the girl‘s elbows, the small hands circling against her hips and buttocks. She pressed her feet over Felice‘s doubled-up legs and between them, rubbing the outsides of her feet along the press of thighs to calves, her curled toes rubbing the base of the girl‘s rear cleavage, stroking the silky pillows of her ass cheeks, arching her feet to pull them up into the golden fur, feeling the soft dampness against her flesh, feeling the malleable humidity of Felice‘s cunny as the girl widened her legs. A small moan curled up into the roiling recesses of Donna‘s body.

Felice‘s tongue stretched high into Donna‘s cleave, her gums and teeth stroking the blading bolt of her clit through the buffer of her curved upper lip, her hands moving together, palms facing, to drift the backs of her curled fingers up and down the static electricity of Donna‘s lips, moving in counterpoint. Felice gripped Donna‘s thighs

between her upper arms and her body, her breasts twisting against the texture of the seat as the woman‘s right foot lolled its arch in the cleft of her surging cunny, flurries of insistent heat buckling her stomach, arching her back, moving her tongue faster and deeper. Felice gasped into Donna‘s underbelly, coming hard and lingeringly. Her mouth pressed into the damp splay of Donna‘s nook with renewed vigor, culling the woman‘s release from the recesses of her drenched warmth.

Donna‘s eyelashes fluttered together, light refracting from them as she looked out the cabin window into the night sky, the glass, frame and surrounding wall fading from her sight, the plane seeming to dissolve, leaving them floating with the gauzelike wisps of clouds beneath moon and stars. Donna‘s breath caught, her eyes tightened as her body shook with the pulsings that became poundings from her tongue-bathed cleave. A nightbird passed between them and the full moon, a silhouette moving in silent slow motion. Her shoulders bunched as the raptures flooding through her became excruciating in their vivid clarity, her breasts swelling, her nipples burning, her body twisting around Felice‘s feasting mouth. Roiling storm clouds masked the stars and lightning leapt across the sky, becoming cracks in a surface to her fevered mind, darkness falling like pieces of shell to reveal incandescent brightness beyond. Her eyes squeezed tightly shut, the brightness still in them as she twisted from side to side, biting back her screams of release as Felice‘s tongue churned her passion into a storm that whirled and crashed, lifted and buffeted, frothing her mind with ecstasy, her body caught up in a flesh fire. She clutched her breasts, her fanny lifting up from the seat, her cunt‘s tormented convulsions drenching Felice‘s mouth and lips, the girl‘s hands clutching her stuttering hips, the arch of her foot whirling in the bucking of Felice‘s spasming slit. The girl‘s cry was muffled in her shimmering climax, in her suddenly still nook.

Everything seemed to freeze for a long moment, Donna feeling totally tranquil for that time, as if she were in the eye of the storm.

Felice sagged, her body heaving with her gasping breath, a stunned look on her face, her lips and cheeks bedewed with Donna‘s secretions.

Then Donna slid down into the seat, limp. Her breath rustled between her lips, her forehead damp and she swallowed finally. Felice pressed the side of her face to the inside of Donna‘s warm thigh, recovering her senses, in a dreamy half-sleep.

Donna moistened her lips and consciously raised her eyelids to look down at Felice‘s still features, marveling at the look of bright girlishness co-existing with the look of carnal sensuality and at Felice‘s expertise in love-making, clearly born of experience despite her age. Felice‘s eyes opened and she smiled up at Donna, one hand languidly stroking the woman‘s still damp muff.

„Whew!“ Donna smiled breathlessly. „Whata ride this‘s been.“ And Felice grinned happily, almost triumphantly.

The rising sun burned through the hand-woven batiste drapes and stretched across the thick-piled topaz carpet to climb the silver and blue damask bed spread, flowing over the lush contours of the body beneath the glossy silk, warming the softly tanned flesh and finally glistened in her light ash-brown hair that spilled over down the pillow in gentle waves and seeped through the high set lids of her eyes. Gradually, Clarise Denton‘s long lashes began to flicker and her eyes partially opened as she let sleep melt away until she was awake.

Slowly, she lifted up onto her elbows, the covers drifting down over the big globes of her breasts, catching for a moment atop the pale tan aureoles of her nipples, soft inversions at the centers and draping around the indented firmness of her lithe belly. Her bearing and the swanlike arch of her neck gave her an air of nobility, the well

cared for grace of her fully tanned body suggesting self-mastery and strength beneath the succulent contours. Her eyes were a velvety blue, the color of ocean depths, unfathomable, her nose aristocratic with its narrow, flat bridge, chiseled base and slender nostrils. There was an ageless quality to her beauty, as there was to her bedroom. The luxury of her surroundings allowed one to picture her as a courtesan to a king, an expensive prostitute, or even as a pagan empress and she was, perhaps, all of these in spirit. Depending upon her expression, the angle she was viewed from, or upon the lighting, Clarise could have been anywhere from eighteen to thirty-five years old, but was actually thirty-two.

She stretched languidly, her belly and abdomen tightening as the embroidered lace at the top of the sheet moved lower, her extended legs caressed by the Irish linen as it and the cover were pushed down to the foot of the bed. Her full lips parted with a yawn that showed strong, white teeth and a slender, pink tongue and she pushed her linked fingers up from above her head, her ripe breasts rising with the movement. The diffused sunlight haloed her mane of hair, washing her golden-sorrel tan with honey. The smoothness of her hairless cunny seemed all the more naked due to the downy foliage gauzing her plump underarms, the ash-brown hair looking as if could have been gathered from the cleft hillock of her sex.

Hearing a sound from one side, Clarise turned her head upon the pillow, one hand lowering to brush through her hair and she saw Karen Temple, her maid and companion, in the large bathroom. Slightly taller than Clarise, Karen had dark Gypsy features and jet-black hair with blue highlights. Wearing a simple white cotton uniform, she set about filling the sunken tub for Clarise‘s bath. Clarise looked toward the open door and smiled as a large Alsatian stepped into the room, his dark fur gleaming.

„Um, but you‘re up early, aren‘t you, Chino?“ she chuckled as he ran to the bed, placing his forepaws atop the sheet so that he could af-

fectionately lick her with his big tongue. „We‘ve got company coming, my boy,“ she smiled sensuously, remembering that this was the day she was to meet Felice at the airport and Chino leapt up onto the bed, sharing her enthusiasm.

Kneeling beside the eight foot by eight pool, Karen looked back over her shoulder, her almond-shaped, onyx eyes smiling toward Clarise who was growling playfully at the dog, her arms around his powerful shoulders, the bed shifting with his movements. Clarise seemed unconcerned about his paws digging into the sheet. As they wrestled about, Clarise using a scissor hold on him, Karen stood up and began to unbutton her starched uniform, the bright whiteness of the cloth contrasting with her deep tan. She slipped it from her supple shoulders, revealing a firm back and adolescent breasts with smooth, petallike aureoles that lifted out as far as the wide rises, her nipples petite nubs, rosy upon the rosy-tan of their oval bases. Her long, delicate fingers moved the cloth from her slender waist and firm stomach to her full hips, letting it then drop to the floor. What was then revealed was in greater contrast to the body above her waist than her tan was to the whiteness of the uniform. Below the dimples of the small of her back, her ass cheeks tilted up like ripe globes and below her abdomen, thick, downy curls garbed her underslung cunt in the cradle of her lush hips. Below that were incredibly long, perfectly formed legs that would have put any showgirl to shame, her foot highly arched beneath slender ankles, her heels pink and her toes long.

Her large tits rising and falling with her breathing, Clarise stroked Chino‘s muzzle and glanced through the wide doorway into the bathroom, hearing the sound of the falling water. Pushing a wave of hair back from her face, she watched Karen move down the steps into the tub, her legs submerging. Though in her early twenties, Karen‘s short hair, which curved down in a wave over one side of her forehead and flowed back to cover her ears in a bob, along with her almost total absence of breasts, made her look more like a late bloom-

ing teen-aged girl in the waist deep water, or even an effeminate boy. Clarise smiled, thinking what a totally different picture one would have if viewing her from underwater, from foot to waist.

„You ready t‘get up again, boy?“ Clarise asked Chino, pressing the tips of her fingers into the short thickness of his fur and he licked her chin. „Well then, go get Karen, you big stud,“ she laughed and he pushed up to his feet, jumping from the bed to run toward the sunken tub.

Karen stepped back against the mosaic tiling of the tub‘s far wall, smiling as Chino leapt into the air to hit the middle of the pool in a belly landing, the water splashing up out of the pool and frothing around him and Karen.

Smiling as they frolicked in the water, Clarise sat up, curling her toes in the deep pile of the carpet. She ran her hand down over her belly and the smoothness of her mound, which pressed out plumply between her joined thighs. Feeling awake and refreshed, she thought about what to wear to the airport.

Lauri Orano stood in the airport terminal, waiting for her husband Rick while he saw a business partner off on an early morning flight. Parted in the middle, her fiery red hair fell to the middle of her back, the ceiling lights haloing it a sandy-gold. Brushed back from her temples, her hair had a slight wave at the corners of her smooth forehead‘s width, her eyebrows a light auburn while her lashes were dark auburn above the rims of her lower lids. Her eyes were a light gray, darkening outward to the rims where they were blue. Her nose rounded at its tip, the bridge curved, the furled nostrils finely drawn. Cleft high, her slender upper lip was parted slightly at the center from her full lower lip, the shallow between it and her rounded chin giving the suggestion of a pout to her roseate mouth. When she smiled, though, her lips would draw a bit wide of the inward curve of her teeth to provide triangular slivers of shadow at each corner, accent-

ing the dimples that appeared and the rounding of her cheeks. With the inward curving of her jaw down to her chin, there was a beautiful symmetry to her features, balanced by the harrowed oval of her face and by her slender neck.

She wore a verdant green, cotton-knit top with short, puffed sleeves, the scooped neckline of the buttoned front revealing the inner slopes of her full, tear-drop breasts. Coming out to conical points, her up-turned nipples were thrust out against the soft cloth and the top hung out from her body, dropping to just above the vertical shallow of her navel. Her smooth stomach was indented down the center and sweeping in between the soft nudges of her hip bones, the tops of the slight shallows between showed at the edge of her hip-huggers. The tan, brushed denim clung to the fullness of her hips and to the lush pillows of her ass which widened with her hips, sloping out from the inward curve of the small of her back, a light haze of pale down catching the light there. The pants gripped her shapely thighs, revealing a separation at the top, just under her cunny, wide enough for a hand to squeeze its thickness into. The denim widened from the calves of her long legs; simple leather sandals could be seen under the wide cuffs.

Not yet having had a chance to sunbathe, Lauri‘s skin was a flawless alabaster, flushed with carnation pink from beneath the surface and a warm ginger where it was shadowed. Oblivious to the many men who gave her appreciative looks in passing, she turned to look around for Rick and blinked with surprise. Ahead of her, standing in a long alcove -lined with wall phones, Felice was handing Donna a piece of paper with Clarise‘s phone number. Pushing up onto the toes of her gold half-heels, Felice pressed her body to Donna‘s, her hand cupping one of the stewardess‘ ripe tits through the voile uniform top, their mouths opening for a deep kiss. Lauri stared in disbelief as Felice‘s lush, heart-shaped fanny shifted under the bluish silver of her silk skirt, her loins twisting against Donna‘s.

Donna did not stop to think. Rather, she spun her tongue with Felice‘s, her hand raising up to slip into the girl‘s top, pressing her palm up over the pliant pout of her stomach and under the pink crepe to caress the rounded base of her ripe breast. Their breathing deepened, their lips separated and they stared into one another‘s eyes for a long moment.

„You‘re going to miss your plane,“ Felice whispered.

„See you Wednesday,“ Donna smiled as they lowered their hands and they left the alcove, Donna reluctantly moving back toward her plane as Felice stared after her.

Felice rubbed her hand against her purse which hung at her hip, chafing the chain shoulder strap against the silk of her jacket. She took a deep breath and turned, finding herself looking into Lauri‘s angry eyes. Felice lifted an eyebrow questioningly. There was a suggestion of softness to the woman, her coloring creating a slight blurring of her features as if her face was seen through a mist, making the glare of her eyes all the more distinct. Slender and lush, there was a sultriness to Lauri that Felice had never associated with fair-skinned redheads. „You and that-that woman were ... „ Lauri began, feeling nervous under the girl‘s coolly appraising eyes.

„Would it‘ve disturbed you if it had been a man with me?“

„No,“ Lauri frowned. „No, of course not.“

„Me neither,“ Felice smiled.

„You-you‘re a pervert,“ Lauri stammered, trembling with anger.

„Lauri?“ Rick‘s voice called from behind her and she blinked at the sound of her husband‘s voice. Her lips tightening as she sought

something else to say to Felice, Lauri stared at her for a moment longer and Felice glanced over her shoulder at Rick who was looking at the two of them with a trace of curiosity.

Lauri spun around and took his arm, walking away quickly with him, Felice smiling softly after the attractive couple. She glanced to the side, seeing Clarise entering the terminal. Clarise wore a white wool gabardine suit with a loose skirt and a navy blue blouse which had a slashed neckline that revealed the full inner swells of her big breasts, loose coral and mother-of-pearl necklace‘s dropping down to her cleavage and over the rayon challis. Seeing Felice, Clarise smiled and they moved toward one another.

„Karen has your baggage,“ Clarise said, looking her over. „My, but you‘re growing up,“ she mused, her fingers touching her drop ear-rings as she brushed her hair back over her shoulder.

„Um,“ Felice shrugged. „Karen in the Silver Ghost?“

„Of course,“ Clarise nodded and they turned toward the terminal doors and the waiting car. „It‘s going to be good to have you in the house,“ the woman smiled warmly.

„She‘s a degenerate,“ Lauri fumed as Rick drove their station wagon away from the airport. „Repulsive,“ she sneered, gripping her folded arms against herself.

„What‘d she do?“ he asked, remembering the sensuously dressed Felice.

„She and a-a stewardess, mind you, were kissing and-“ she cut off, looking out at the traffic.

„I mean, did she make a pass at you or something?“

„The way she looked at me ... like a snake.“

„But she didn‘t say anything, or touch you?“ he asked, not quite understanding why she was so upset.

„No, thank heaven,“ Lauri said shortly. „I wish we weren‘t going to that luncheon,“ she said with an abrupt change of tone and reached over to squeeze the long mound of his cock through his slacks and he smiled, his shaft hardening to her knowing fingers‘ stroking. „Wish I could have your big whang in me right now.“

„Um, me too,“ he agreed, his eyes lidding as his prick began to throb warmly.

„Hope it‘s a short lunch,“ she murmured as he put his arm around her shoulder to slip his hand inside her knit top, his finger sliding down the slope of her breast to stroke the small, peaked nub of her upturned nipple and then to curve under the widening roundness of her tit‘s base, squeezing the plush softness as she tugged his prod free of his slacks just in time, his hot come jetting out onto the floorboards, his tool spasming, his mind blurring.

She caught the wheel with her free hand, steadying it while he recovered and she grinned as she glanced at his dazed expression. Returning her eyes to the road, she smiled with satisfaction.

After waking from a short nap, Felice took a Tanga bikini from her suitcase, Clarise having told her she would be at the pool. She tied one side of the string‘s bottom and drew it up her long and shapely legs, the high triangle of the front cut to cover just the gold fur of her loins, the rear triangle just covering the deep cleavage of her lush ass cheeks. Tying the other hip string, she slipped into the halter top, the joined triangles just covering her aureoles as they tapered up into the neck string. The thin cotton gripped her cunny‘s mound and

the pillows of her fanny, her nipples pressing out in relief. The burnt-orange cloth brilliantly emphasized the carnal ripeness of her body.

Fastening a collar of silver barrel-beads around her throat, Felice looped a very thin silver chain around her slender waist, letting the single pearl at its center drape down over the bright orange of her bottoms, resting just over her concealed clit. Slipping into a loose-sleeved kimono of light terry, she fitted wide, banded silver cuffs over her wrists and the apricot-colored cloth, snapping the bolt-hinge clasps.

She looked in the bedroom‘s full length mirror, noting the way the collarless robe draped to her body as it fell to mid-calves and how the string arousingly molded to her breasts and nook, the body jewelry guiding the eye to the lower triangle. Pleased with the effect, she went downstairs to the pool where Clarise waited.

CHAPTER TWO

The pool had an irregular, flowing shape much like a natural pool, jacarandas planted in large, barrellike containers accenting the outdoor feeling along with brightly flowered hibiscus bushes, which were planted in open sections of the brick floor. The wall facing the house was concealed with hanging ivy, the east and west walls almost entirely glassed.

Clarise was stretched out in a woven hammock which was tied between two trees at the water‘s edge, the brick floor to one side of her, the pool at the other. She wore a one-piece maillot of cobalt blue, ribbed Lycra that fit like a sleek second skin. The legs were cut to the tops of her hips at the sides, the wide neckline revealing the insides of her full breasts while the outsides were revealed by the deep cut sides. Only her waist was covered at her sides. There was only the sound of gently splashing water, a fountain upon the terraced floor across the pool from Clarise and the house, the pool‘s water recirculated through it to spill down over the curved ledges.

Felice stepped through the open French doors that led from the house and Clarise smiled toward her as she looked around the two story high room, taking in the tropical feeling. Clarise reached down beside her and lifted a hand-rolled cigarette from the hammock and lit it with a lighter.

Felice saw Karen moving about on the other side of the pool, the plants concealing her for a few moments. The woman had an ankle length sarong wrapped around her waist, her diminutive breasts uncovered, the rosy nipples standing out erect from their plump aureoles. Checking the condition of the bushes and trees, Karen seemed unaware of Felice‘s arrival and Felice moved toward Clarise.

Clarise held the joint out to Felice and the girl inhaled deeply, sucking hard and she handed it back, holding the marijuana smoke in her lungs.

„Nice blend," Felice commented in a tight voice and she handed the cigarette back after tapping off the hard ash. Clarise's big breasts swelled against the molding suit as she inhaled and Felice unlatched her wrist cuffs before taking the joint back.

Inhaling, she saw Karen walk up toward the top of the terraced area across from them and Felice noticed the fountain. It was a reproduction of Michelangelo's David in polished marble. Standing three feet tall, the statue had been altered, a huge phallus standing out from the crotch, the water gushing through it. Karen stopped in front of the fountain-statue and she unfastened the brightly hued cloth from her waist, letting it drop down into the flow of water which carried it to the pool. Her exquisite legs akimbo, her uptilted ass parted, Karen touched her hands to the shoulders of the statue, staring down at the face for several moments. Then, she slowly lowered herself, the water gushing up from the tip of the big cock to spatter against her approaching cunny.

Keeping her grip on the marble, Karen's underslung slit opened to the rush of water, the thick curls of her muff clinging damply to her full mound. Her eyes lidded with pleasure as her fingers operated a dial at the nape of the statue's neck that controlled the pressure of the water. Squatting, she pressed the top of her furrow to the marble shaft and moaned as the water drummed against the pulsings of her clit. Her head tilting back, she ran the tip of her tongue over her lips, her knuckles white from gripping the shoulders of the statue. Turning on the balls „of her feet, she pivoted against the smooth marble cock, the water frothing around it and out of her slit to splash down between her shapely legs, her firm thighs almost touching against the tapering contours of her calves.

Karen rose up slightly and the fountaining tip of the phallus slipped down into the pink splay of her cunt, nuzzling into the quivering portals. She pressed her teeth into her lower lip, tightening herself around the stone, her body curved forward, emphasizing the insweep of the small of her back and its dimples. The lush moons of her ass cheeks rocked from side to side above the pink heels of her feet. She murmured, luxuriating in the steady flow of the water up into her nook, at the caress of the water spilling out against her nether lips. Gradually, she began to shift closer, taking in the eternally erect prick, its bulk stretching her. She groaned, her shoulders bunching and she trembled with a flurry of orgasms, her naked flesh burning feverishly, the pursed tips of her nipples thrusting out hard.

She pressed her lips to the David‘s face as she twisted herself upon the great jut of its prod, her juices mixing with the water as her underbelly began to convulse with delicious heat. She kissed the smooth lips and cheeks, her thighs pressing around its hips and she hugged her body against the lithe figure, stroking her nipples over the nose and eyes, her hips thrusting against the carved loins, her recesses roiling with spasming waves of pleasure, her eyes glazed with arousal. She sucked air in through clenched teeth, her thighs clutching the marble body to her as the spasms intensified, pulling her consciousness to her hive as it seemed to blur into an accelerating vibration of sheer ecstasy and she cried out with joy as she climaxed, her tensed body shaking against the sculpture.

Her shoulders rising and falling with her strained breathing, Karen rested her cheek against the David‘s head, her arms hanging loose around its shoulders and she dropped down to her knees, her underbelly quivering around the marble prick, the still flowing water now soothing her as it flowed gently around the shaft and over the heat of her channel and labia.

Finishing her cigarette, Clarise was watching Felice who was observing Karen. Felice‘s breath had deepened, her hands tight around

the edges of the kimono‘s open front and she had almost been able to feel the big phallus within her own nook as Karen had ridden upon it and she had grown damp with empathetic pleasure, watching Karen‘s gorgeous backside rolling and tightening, seeing the long legs moving like a Limbo dancer‘s. Now she watched Karen‘s knees move away from the statue as the woman slid from the fountaining shaft. Karen‘s fingers readjusted the pressure before dropping away from the back of the statue‘s neck and the water splashed over her stomach as she eased down onto her side, her legs curled before the sculpture, the fountain-head gleaming with her juices. The languid arrangement of her legs accented their perfection, the upper sides of her thighs flowing into the rise of her hip, a supple shallow between it and the ripe curvature of her uppermost buttock. The water slid over the upper terrace and beneath her, her head turning to touch the side of her mouth to the cool liquid, her breathing returning to normal.

Felice‘s grip on the robe relaxed and she slid it back from her shoulders, Clarise watching it drift down her back to drape upon itself atop the bricks. She unfastened her necklace and held her hand back over the robe, dropping it onto the cloth without looking. Clarise‘s eyes moved down the contour of Felice‘s back to her narrow waist and then to the triangular cleft at the top of the voluptuous fanny‘s cleavage as the girl‘s body swept outward with her high, full hips to form the widening ovals of her silken ass cheeks. Only the narrow triangle of the string covered part of them and the valley between.

Felice reached around to the small of her back, the rounded points of her shoulders thrusting forward as her fingers unclasped her waist chain, her breasts shoving forward against the halter top, the points gouging the thin fabric with the juts of her round nipples. The pearl shifted atop the burnt-orange triangle concealing her cunny and her hands came around with the ends of the chain for one to drop it back with the necklace. She stepped forward and lifted up onto the balls of

her feet at the rim of the pool, her body arching for a moment as her arms extended. Clarise watched her rise up and dive into the clear water of the pool, becoming an abstract pattern of colors beneath the rippling surface.

Clarise linked her fingers behind her head, her eyes turned toward the pool as Felice rose up out of the water, water splashing about her, her arms up, her breasts pulling almost free of the top to give a glimpse of her rosy-pink aureoles. Her mouth open to gulp air, Felice curved her arms and body forward, kicking back, and she submerged again. Clarise shifted her eyes to Karen who was turning onto her back, the base of her head resting against the top level of the terracing, her body across the next one down, her fanny indented upon the edge of the next and her legs spread over two more, the water furling around her as it returned to the pool via the fountaining phallus. Tilted toward Clarise, Karen‘s body was displayed invitingly, her slit showing between the thick curls of her muff, her long legs stretched out, her arms spread. Clarise smiled to herself and looked up toward the high ceiling before letting her eyes close to the feelings of blissful contentment that the grass had produced. The sounds of the fountain and of Felice swimming lulled her into a half-sleep. The raised position of her arms pulled her big breasts high on her chest, the sleek fabric clinging as the insides of her tits swelled above the low neckline.

Felice bobbed up in the water and wiped it from her face, shaking it from her hair, her lips parted to her quickened breathing, her flesh tingling from her swim, her senses heightened. She leaned back, her arms loose at her sides and she floated on her back, her relaxed legs drifting before her, lower than her body, only her face and the peaks of her breasts above the surface. The thin cotton of the top clung to her breasts which had widened against her body, their upper curves more defined. The wet fabric was translucent, aureoles and nipples looking like hazy shadows. Beneath the surface, the front triangle of her bottoms was a darker orange over her wide-topped pu-

bic fur, the cleavage of her ass showing as a shadow down the center of the rear triangle.

She turned her face toward Karen and smiled at the sight of the spent woman‘s naked body draped down over the terraces and then turned her face toward the hammock at the other side of the pool, seeing Clarise apparently napping, a relaxed smile on her lips. Letting herself drift, Felice turned her face upward and let her eyelids close. She floated in the gently shifting water, hearing only her own breathing and the splash and trickle of the fountained water. Her arms lolled out from her sides, her hands open and her calves sank down lower, her shapely thighs seeming especially long due to the baring of her hips by the string. Her short hair floated like liquid gold beneath the surface, droplets of moisture gleaming upon the centers of her luxuriant breasts. Her thoughts wandered and she remembered the first time she had been in this house several years before.

Felice had overexerted herself during that very hot day and had begun to feel ill. Wearing a loose, batiste nightshirt trimmed in pink, she had gone to bed early, but had been unable to fall asleep, lying for what seemed hours in the big bed. Moonlight had provided her with a pale illumination, the tan walls and teak furniture taking on a dark sepia coloring. Perspiration spangled her forehead and she had brushed the parted bangs of her then shag cut hair back, her arm seeming heavy, the loose cuff of the nightshirt sliding down her forearm. She let her hand drop to the pillow beside her head, her lips parted to her breathing, the air seeming heavy. With effort, she used her other hand to push the ultramarine cover down to the middle of her stomach, her flesh feverish.

She had swallowed hard and dampened her lips with her long tongue, wishing she had something to drink, but not having the energy to get up. She lingered on the border of sleep, slipping back and forth, having lost all sense of time. The moonlight touched the

gold of her hair and the patina of perspiration on her forehead and upper lip. Then she slowly became aware of a shifting in the light and she forced her heavy eyelids up, letting her head roll to the side so she could look down the length of the bed.

Felice momentarily had wondered if she were dreaming, seeing Clarise‘s face and throat seeming to float in the shadows. The light shifted again and a silver candle-holder was moved from behind Clarise, revealing that the woman wore an indigo caftan with a white placket that buttoned to her throat. The candle had been held by Jill, Clarise‘s daughter, who wore only a collar of silver links. Felice had decided that she was having a fever dream.

The mother and daughter had seemed to float weightlessly across the room toward the bed, separating to move around to either side. Felice had remained still, looking up at the innocent beauty of Jill‘s face, surrounded by her waist length mane of electrically rippled, auburn hair, the waving starting from her hairline and increasing downward as it spilled over her shoulders and down around the tapering globes of her maturing breasts. Felice had noticed the three slender braids at either side of Jill‘s face that hung down before her ears, the lustrous mane brushed back. The girl‘s rounded forehead flowed cleanly to the curves of her eyes, creating a Renaissance effect with her hair, the upper lids curved over a third of her oval eyes which were a bright green, large and prominent under arched eyebrows and between dark lashes. The candlelight had shifted over the graceful rounding‘s of Jill‘s cheekbones out from the bases of her lower lids and touched the short bridge of her nose which narrowed at the center, sloping with a slight definition into the tip and nostrils which were without division. Felice‘s lowering eyes paused at her friend‘s mouth with its slightly wide, un-cleft upper lip, the full pad curving high while gently curling at the corners, the lower lip plump above the rounded jut of her chin, her jaws angling out and up to their points which were parallel to the base of her lower lip. The candlelight had shone on the girl‘s slender neck, the backward curve

to her shoulders accented by the girlish rises of their points, which created shallows beneath the outsides of her collarbones.

Felice blinked her eyes, still uncertain if she was asleep and dreaming, or awake and hallucinating in a delirium, the girl and woman not moving. A bead of wax dropped from the candle to cling to the silver stick‘s wide lip. She blinked again, her eyes upon the high-set, pert globes of Jill‘s blossoming breasts that narrowed with the pale pink aureoles and jutted out in long, pink nipples that pointed to the sides. Felice lowered her eyes to the defined curve of Jill‘s stomach that narrowed from the underarch of her ribs into a narrow rise with her abdomen which flowed down between slender, but full hips to the mound of her sex which soft, light auburn ringlets gauzed. Her eyes could go no lower without her raising up, or turning her head at a painful angle and so she rolled her head to the other side, seeing Clarise looking down at her tenderly.

Clarise‘s hair had been a dusky silver, worn shorter in wide waves that fell to her shoulders, parted in the center. She reached out above Felice and the girl had looked up to see the candle pass from Jill‘s hand to her mother‘s. Clarise tilted the candle to touch the flame to the wick of a candle on the night table at her side and the cerise wax spilled to cling to the mauve candle in beads. The candle was passed back to Jill who had set it on the matching table at her side of the bed. Felice moistened her lips again as Clarise‘s deep blue eyes smiled at her and the woman‘s fingers stroked her damp forehead, pressing back the bangs that had clung in small ringlets.

Clarise‘s hand moved to join Felice‘s upon the pillow and she had closed her hand partially around the woman‘s, feeling the bed shift under Jill‘s weight. Clarise lifted the girl‘s hand in both of hers as Felice let her head loll away from her and toward Jill, whose knee was sliding across the cover toward Felice, her thigh lowering down upon her calf, her other leg stretching back as her foot arched upon its balls.

One hand spread against the turquoise sheets, Jill touched her other hand to Felice‘s cheek, her lidded green eyes shining with the reflected candle light as she stared into Felice‘s dilated, golden-brown eyes. She eased the insides of her gentle fingers down over Felice‘s cheek until her fingertips touched her friend‘s jawline, where they held for a moment before lowering to the collarless neck of the soft nightshirt. Felice had swallowed with difficulty, her breathing deepening, her fever seeming to mount and Jill had smiled softly, easing her nervousness as she slipped the top button free of its eyelet atop the cleft of Felice‘s collarbones. Felice‘s long tongue had extended between her parted lips, dabbing their dryness as the girl loosened the second pearl button.

Jill did not try to open the nightshirt, her touch barely shifting the lace borders as she slid the third and fourth buttons from their slits. The fifth button was just above Felice‘s navel, the cover and top sheet furled between it and the sixth. Jill remained still for a moment, lowering her eyes along the still closed center of the nightshirt. Her weight on one shoulder accented the forward curve of her torso, her firm, young breasts pressed together by her upper arms, her full and pliantly soft nether cheeks raised from her shapely legs‘ slenderness, making them seem very long, her knee caps gently rising. She eased her other leg up onto the bed and knelt upon her calves, her heels pressing up under her fanny. She extended both hands over Felice, carefully taking the top and the bottom of the open section of the nightshirt between fingertips and thumbs and raised her eyes to her mother‘s, Felice‘s following suit. Her slender fingers drifting over Felice‘s hand, Clarise nodded to her daughter, a hint of a smile playing upon her full lips, the dark hood of the caftan framing her face.

Jill eased her hands back toward herself, slipping the eyelets‘ border from atop the bottons‘ border and Felice‘s breath caught as she felt Jill‘s knuckles against her upper chest and her stomach, the nightshirt opening to reveal a thin line of her golden-cream flesh. Jill‘s hold loosened and she moved her hands toward one another, the

fabric caressing her thumb and fingertips till she held the center of the loosened border and she slid her touching hands toward herself, the top knuckles of one hand‘s fingers brushing just under the rise and fall of Felice‘s breast, those of the other pressing over the rounded rise of her tremoring breast just below the damask aureole. Felice‘s mouth widened, her eyebrows raising as her eyelids tightened at the feathery caress.

Raising her hands as she let go of the nightshirt, Jill sat back on her calves, the cloth curved out from the side of Felice‘s ripening breast, the rosy-pink of her nipple erect, raised like a pearl set in the soft disk of her aureole. Felice pressed her lips together, her breathing ragged as the girl again looked to her mother, the corners of her mouth curling higher. Clarise‘s hands continued to caress Felice‘s hand, the candlelight shifting soft shadows over her face. Jill pivoted on her knees, turning her feet toward the lower corner on her side of the bed and her thighs lifted up from her calves, her hands cupping her knees as she moved her face toward Felice‘s, the light haloing her long, rippling hair.

Felice‘s lips had parted as Jill‘s auburn hair had spilled from around her face and over her shoulders to drift over her bared breasts, the silken threadings sending electric sparks of heat through her inflamed nipple and swollen dome. She felt the girl‘s breath flutter against her lips, their lidded eyes locked and she again pressed the tip of her tongue between her lips to break their seal of dryness. Felice inhaled sharply as Jill stroked the point of her tongue against hers and her lips parted with surprise. Jill‘s soft lips touched hers, shifting back and forth as she slid her tongue into Felice‘s mouth, maintaining the contact of the soft pink blades. She turned her head, drawing her tongue along Felice‘s upper lip and eased her mouth from the curve of Felice‘s lip to the inner curve of her cheek, then up and out with the rise of her cheekbone, her hair pulling over Felice‘s breast. Felice‘s hand tightened around Clarise‘s, her head turning as Jill kissed the flecks of down at her temples.

Jill touched her lips to the girl‘s closed eye, cupping them to the soft curve and then fluttered her lips over her forehead and down the side of her nose, returning to the corner of her mouth. She slid her tongue out again and it curled between Felice‘s parted lips to bathe the girl‘s long tongue amid the rush of her breath, their mouths joining. Felice‘s free hand gripped the top sheet that covered it along with the blanket. She trembled, her heart pounding and her tongue responded to Jill‘s, swimming slowly with it in the humid chamber of their mouths. Her breathing came in little gasps, her forehead tightened to the whirl of her senses, her already blurred mind adrift.

Gradually, Jill had lifted her head, her tongue slipping from Felice‘s mouth and the girl‘s eyes had flickered open with an expression of distress, her eyebrows raised, her mouth remaining ajar, the feline furl of her upper lip giving it a carnal appearance. Her forehead was again filmed with perspiration, her fever and her arousal becoming one and the same.

Jill turned from the waist, her eyes moving to the open nightshirt, her hair slipping away from the lush pillow of Felice‘s breast and Felice tilted her head, pushing the pillow up with her shoulders as she watched Jill‘s joined fingers raised up over her body, her palm cupped above the pink stud of her burning nipple. Jill‘s hand lowered and Felice‘s tightened even harder around Clarise‘s and around the sheet as she tensed with anticipation of Jill‘s touch, but the girl‘s forearm raised to tilt her hand up from her, Felice‘s eyes narrowing with disappointment only to brighten as she saw Jill‘s fingers lower down toward the edge of the closed side of her nightshirt. Felice‘s eyelids lowered as Jill‘s fingertips eased under the cloth to touch the inside of her breast, her fingers curving to the rise as they moved up toward the erect peak, the cloth covering them. Felice‘s lips pulled back from the edges of her teeth as she gasped, her forehead lining at the intense flash of pleasure Jill‘s touch shot through her nipple, her shoulders bunching as her arms straightened, her fingers clutching the soothing hand and the sheet. There was no pressure from

Jill‘s hand, their flesh just touching as she encased the luxuriant dome. She slowly turned her hand to cup the top, the outside and the base of the rounded smoothness and she touched her lips to the rise at the center of Felice‘s upper lip, easing her tender kiss down to the corner and in over the full lower lip‘s pout, the center of her palm turning upon the tip of Felice‘s quivering nipple.

Jill‘s hand moved down, sliding across the hardened nipple, curving to the underside and touched softly below the girl‘s breast, her lips moving down Felice‘s chin. Felice worked her hand from under the sheet and cover, the weight of them seeming to clutch at her and she felt exhilaration as she was able to slide the back of her hand across the defined curve of Jill‘s smooth stomach and up from under her, touching the auburn mane as Jill‘s lips pressed against the center of her chest, her hand cupping the side of Felice‘s stomach.

Jill‘s free hand touched the bared rise of Felice‘s collarbone, sliding out to the rise of her shoulder and pressing the cloth out before it. The tips of her center fingers drew in to the middle of the girl‘s stomach, her kisses easing down between the upraised breasts, Felice‘s shoulders drawn back as pleasure lapped out through her from the slide of Jill‘s fingers up and down the indented center of her pliant belly, shifting the pale haze of down. She murmured as Jill‘s lips flexed around the inside curve of her bare breast and slid her arm around the girl‘s head, pressing the inside of her upper arm and her forearm to the silky texture of Jill‘s full-bodied hair. Her hand curved to smooth the auburn spill, her head lifting up so that she could kiss Jill‘s forehead and hairline and her other hand stroked Jill‘s throat and shoulder.

Her lips moving up and down the inside of Felice‘s silken breast, Jill‘s mouth moved up the firm slope, opening with joy at Felice‘s kiss and caresses. Jill freed the next to last button, which was at the top of Felice‘s furred abdomen, the covers over Felice below that, the girl‘s loins and legs feeling as if they were encased in sweltering

heat. She dropped her hand from Jill‘s shoulder and grasped the closed side of her nightshirt, pulling it back from her breast and over the rounded point of her shoulder. Unseen by either herself or Jill, Clarise tossed the covers away from Felice‘s legs and off the foot of the bed, baring the long and shapely limbs, the nightshirt having worked up around the middle of her supple thighs. Parted, her feet pulled up against the sheet, her knees rising and the nightshirt moved farther up her thighs.

Felice slid her parted lips over Jill‘s shoulder, her fingers sliding through the long, auburn hair and over her back as the girl circled kisses around her breast until she had tattooed all of it with keen patterns of pleasure, touching all but the rosy disks and the pink jewels that rose from them, that rose swollen and eager for the soft nuzzle of the lips, for the liquid heat of the tongue. Felice pressed her mouth against Jill‘s shoulder, kissing fervently, her hand leaving the abandoned border of her nightshirt to stroke the girl‘s hair back from her face, back from her recently bared breast, her other hand moving from Jill‘s back to her side, her palms pressing gently, silently urging Jill to move her feasting mouth to the burning cap of her tit. Instead, Jill lifted from the waist and leaned forward, her hand moving from her knee to press down against the bed on the other side of Felice, her other hand continuing to drift over the base of Felice‘s belly and the top of her abdomen, moving just above the light down that was then more like peach fuzz than hair, her touch sending swarming sensations of electric energy through her, synthesizing her already keyed nerve endings. Her weight down upon her straightened arm, her hair like cinnamon upon the lavender sheet, Jill lowered her face to kiss Felice‘s other breast, starting at the base and moving around the dome in an upward spiral.

Felice moaned, her forehead lining as her arousal became all the more intense. She looked to the side through glazed eyes and saw Clarise still watching her, still smiling warmly and it occurred to Felice that the dark, hooded caftan with its white placket rising to the wo-

man‘s throat made Clarise look not unlike a nun in the shifting candlelight. The lips of the woman‘s daughter approached the rim of her aureole and Felice‘s eyes closed as she savored the excruciating feelings with hopeful expectation, only to feel Jill‘s exalting kisses begin to move back down around her tit. She made a little whimpering sound, her lips widening to plead with Jill, but she found she could not form words and she looked down at the girl‘s face of innocent beauty, at the flexing blossom of her mouth circling her swollen breast. Felice also saw Jill‘s pert tits, the one closest to her pulled even higher than usual by the supportive position of her arm. She swallowed hard, her eyelids lowering, heavy with her ecstasy and she slid her hand from Jill‘s side. Her fingers trembled as she extended them toward the maturing globe, toward the tapering peak which the long nipple stood out from, its tip angled slightly toward her. Jill‘s tongue circled the base of Felice‘s rounded breast, her fingers stroking the invisible down into the broiling oven of her underbelly, her toes clutching at the sheet, the nightshirt dropping down her raised thighs. Felice touched her fingertips to Jill‘s pink nipple and the girl exhaled with a whispered moan against her breast.

Felice gently squeezed the long peg between her fingertips, as if she were afraid of breaking it, her hand still shaking, but Jill‘s moan and the firm lick of her tongue against her tit freed her of doubt and she gripped the malleable hardness of the erect nub, rubbing the tip of her thumb against it. Jill smiled happily and rubbed her cheek against Felice‘s chest and tit, her mouth beside the stud of Felice‘s nipple, her slitted eyes seeing it and she extended her tongue to stroke the rosy pearl. Felice groaned, her fingers opening to press upward, encasing Jill‘s breast as the girl turned her face to suck the fiery peak of her tit, her tongue bathing the nipple, her lips bobbing and turning against her aureole. Jill‘s hand spread over her abdomen, the little finger and ring finger sliding into the pale gold floss hazing Felice‘s taut abdomen. Felice ran the fingers of one hand through Jill‘s hair, her other hand squeezing and stroking the firmness of the girl‘s tit, the long nipple gouging against her palm. Jill‘s

mouth widened, her lips moving out from the border of pinkness, her tongue lapping at the hard bud as she began to suck, creating a vacuum that pulled Felice‘s breast into her mouth, the rims of her teeth indenting the satin lushness, the insides of her cheeks pulling in around it. Felice‘s hand tightened and her hips arched up from the bed and the nightshirt draped around them, baring the golden curlings that veiled the underslung mound of her sex, the floss damp along her slit. The tendons at the outsides of her nook lifted from the insides of her thighs as her legs tensed, the soft center base of her ass lifting from the bed. Her back curved up and to the side, her hand sliding through Jill‘s hair, followed by her forearm, her lips moving to the girl‘s back as Jill‘s mouth slowly let her tit squeeze from her mouth. Felice shook with a quick orgasm as her nipple popped free of the pursed lips.

Jill kissed downward from under Felice‘s tit, turning from the waist toward the girl‘s stomach below, which her hand continued to caress. Felice let Jill‘s breast go, sliding her arm around her stomach, her other hand smoothing her hair against her back, her lips sliding to Jill‘s waist. The nibbling kisses tightened her stomach as her flesh burned torridly, the fingers spinning the soft fur of her abdomen and Felice dropped back from Jill, gasping, twisting her hips below Jill‘s hand, her hand staying upon the girl‘s back. She looked up and saw that Clarise‘s caftan was unbuttoned, the hood sliding down from the wide curls of dusky silver to furl around her shoulders for a moment and the caftan then dropped down her arms and away from the big, wide-set domes curving out to the tan aureoles, her indented nipples pressing out with arousal. The cloth draped around the tops of her forearms and her waist and she smiled down proudly at Felice who stared up admiringly. Clarise pressed her elbows to her sides and the caftan dropped to the floor from around her narrow waist and full hips, revealing the plump, smooth mound of her cunny before sliding down her long, tapering legs. Her eyes locked on the woman, Felice struggled to free one arm from its sleeve and Clarise reached down to hold the cuff between her fingertips, allowing the girl to pull her

arm loose. Jill‘s mouth widened and tightened at her navel, her tongue flicking into the vertical slot and Felice felt her hand slide down her waist to the rise of her hip, the long hair sweeping over her stomach, the other hand stopping just short of her slit as it smoothed and brushed her high muff. Her eyes closed and Felice reached down with her freed arm to caress Jill‘s shoulder and the back of her head, her other hand moving from the small of the girl‘s back to her raised ass cheeks.

Jill turned her knees in the direction of Felice‘s loins, her hand sliding from the girl‘s hip, under the nightshirt and down her thigh, her arm straightening as she stroked the pliantly soft flesh, her mouth moving below Felice‘s navel to the base of her stomach and the top of her downy pelt. Felice spread her hand, curving it to one of Jill‘s ass cheeks, the girl‘s head moving downward and so she lowered her hand to stroke the rippled hair against her own stomach. Her eyes flickered open for a moment and she saw that Clarise was no longer standing beside the bed and before she realized this, Jill‘s weaving fingers moved down between her thigh and her muff, her lips drifting over the down and Felice‘s eyes closed again, her hive vibrating with mounting heat, drenched with her rich juices.

Clarise stood at the foot of the bed, staring ahead of her at Felice‘s raised loins, her fanny lifting from the sheet as she tilted her slit toward Jill‘s approaching mouth, only the loose band of the raised nightshirt separating them. Jill curved the length of her hand to the outside of Felice‘s muff, the edge of her hand rubbing the juncture of thigh and torso, her other hand clasping Felice‘s other leg just above the knee. The cloth was drawn across her upper arm as she grazed the soft inside of her forearm against the girl‘s firm thigh. Clarise knelt on the edge of the bed and placed her hands against the sheet just inside Felice‘s knees and she drew herself forward upon her calves, the heels of her feet pressing the voluptuous cushions of her ass cheeks higher as she leaned forward from the waist to press her lips to the inside of Felice‘s thigh.

Felice‘s legs tightened, her feet pulling in against the bed as Clarise‘s lips pressed the hypersensitive inside of her thigh, turning as they kissed in a slow arc. She cried out, another orgasm trembling her mind, her body arching up from the bed, her weight on her shoulders and feet. Clarise cupped her hands under the outsides of the girl‘s trembling thighs and she moved her kiss higher, her thighs lifting from her calves, her hair stroking Felice‘s tingling skin, her shoulder moving under her leg. Jill‘s mouth pressed against Felice‘s cunny and her tongue‘s tip moved over the fullness as her lips flexed to one side of the sweltering furrow.

Clarise‘s hands slid up to the bases of her ass and Felice sobbed with the rapture thundering through her as the woman‘s lips nuzzled the tender undersides of her lush ass cheeks, her teeth nibbling lightly toward their juncture, her forehead brushing the quivering lips of her sex. Jill‘s hand stroked her cunt from both sides now, her lips covering all of Felice‘s mound except for her slit, in the same way she had kissed her breasts but for their peaks. Mother and daughter caressed and kissed her underbelly and their mouths came together, Jill shifting the cloth above Felice‘s nook. Felice cried out as she felt their lips press and turn together against her vaginal lips and then open for their tongues to slide into the pink cove to swim and stroke together, moving up and down her slit, burrowing into the raging forge, their hands supporting her as they supped on the ambrosia of her succulent flow.

Her body burned with a flesh fire far beyond that of her fever and Felice bucked and twisted in their grasp, their mouths inciting her arousal into a carnal delirium that spun her mind into exploding brightness, her heart pounding like a trip hammer. The velvet blades of their tongues curled in serpentine patterns around the maddening pulsing of her clit and her body gleamed with candlelight and moonlight reflected from the sheen of perspiration that clothed her glowing flesh.

She clutched her arms around Jill‘s thighs, pulling the girl back off her knees, her opened mouth pressing against her thigh and buttock, slurred words spilling from her as their tongues spun her clit into a volcanic rise that sent quakings through every fiber of her being. She turned Jill‘s hips without thought and pressed her face into the wet, auburn foliage, her mouth pressing into the dewy envelope to lick and kiss, her chin brushing over the girl‘s clit and Jill‘s tongue moved all the more deftly as she felt her own nook begin to be consumed by liquid heat.

Jill‘s mouth expanded, pressing deeper into the broiling oven of Felice‘s cunt, her tongue flaying the swollen fillet of the girl‘s clit and Clarise moved her mouth to the side of Felice‘s mound, kissing the plump cheek pressed outward, her hand sliding up past the bunched nightshirt to stroke Felice‘s side, her body moving over the girl‘s outstretched leg as she kissed her thigh, sliding her big breasts over the soft flesh as she moved upward, her smooth nook rubbing up along the length of the girl‘s tensed leg.

Felice‘s mouth moved voraciously within the wet bower of Jill‘s writhing loins, their passion feeding back and forth, accelerating from one to the other as their lips and tongues ravished the seething sweetmeat of their cunnies, their hands and arms clutching them together. Clarise‘s soft hive rubbed against Felice‘s hip as she encased the girl‘s tit in her mouth, her one thigh raised to rub the tapering ovals of Felice‘s backside, the calf of her other leg stroking Jill‘s high, rounded ass, her hands rubbing their backs, pressing their trembling bodies together.

Jill burrowed her face in the flowing cornucopia of Felice‘s spasming nook, Felice‘s mouth turning within the pink splay of Jill‘s beneath the tapering contour of the girl‘s tensed belly, sluicing her tongue deep into the hot softness, stretching it to its full length to skim the point over the sleek walls of Jill‘s channel, her chin rolling above Jill‘s incinerating clit, catching the pearl between it and her lower lip. She

cried out into Jill‘s crucible, her underbelly convulsing with oceanic raptures, the blood pounding in her ears, her lungs heaving, her flesh encased in static electricity, the maelstrom of her climax rising around her. Jill cried out into Felice‘s depths, her body bucking and jumping as she came, her cunt contracting and expanding around the girl‘s tonguing mouth and Clarise‘s tongue joined Felice‘s in the overflowing cleave, extending Jill‘s pleasure and then easing it smoothly from its peak and she continued to kiss and suckle Felice‘s clit as their mouths shifted together against her quivering slit.

Clarise‘s arm slid around her back, turning Felice from the waist and the girl hugged her tightly, feeling the wide-set domes cover her blossoming breasts. Their mouths pressed together around the caressing swim of their tongues and Clarise‘s hands smoothed her hair and held her, the big breasts rubbing hers, while Jill‘s mouth continued to accelerate her senses, firing the furnace of her tightening and loosening recesses, polishing her clit to an ardent pinpoint of solar energy. She screamed into Clarise‘s kiss, grabbing her for support, her climax suddenly igniting, spraying ecstasy through her central nervous system, snapping her spine like a bull whip, her mind and body becoming one, her senses blurring into a single awareness of ecstasy.

Gradually, she had become aware of her own breathing, then her heartbeat and the embrace of Jill and Clarise who lay on both sides of her, tenderly caressing her, gently stroking her hair as she basked in the afterglow of her culmination, her fever broken.

Felice trembled, her body rippling the water as she came with her remembrance of that evening and her lips parted to a hoarse gasp. Clarise‘s eyes opened and she smiled from the hammock as Felice continued to float in the water. Several years had passed since the night she and her daughter had first made love to her. She raised her eyes toward Karen who was still spread-eagled over the terraced

water spill, napping after her orgasms and then closed her eyes back, the sound of the water a crystal clear lullaby.

Felice dampened her lips and blinked her eyes to clear them, smiling contentedly. Absently, she thought about Lauri, the woman who had reacted so hostily toward her at the airport, sorry that so beautiful a woman was so afraid of her. Felice smiled wanly at the thought, inclined only toward giving Lauri pleasure.

Rick had wondered about Lauri‘s choice of clothing for the business conference and luncheon, but her caresses and erotic whispers as they had driven home changed things and driving to the hotel had left him oblivious to her clothing. During the discussions, he had been glad for it became a visual refuge from the dull and boring conversations and speeches. Lauri wore a full length dress with loose, widening sleeves, the cuffs and the hem of the dress crocheted. While only her hands showed from the sleeves and her sandaled feet only peeked from beneath the dusky tan dress, it was not as modest as that might make it sound. Made of a very soft wool knit, the neckline was scooped to the base of her breasts, buttoning between them and then rounded out for a two inch gap between it and the matching cloth buttons that ran down the front of the dress to a point even with the nudges of her hipbones beneath it. The thin knit clung to the lushness of her body, the small peaks of her upturned nipples gouging the cloth, only a pair of panties worn under the dress. The wives of Rick‘s associates seemed even colder of eye than usual, while their husbands seemed even more appreciative in their glances and friendlier toward Rick, perhaps with thoughts of wife swapping in the backs of their minds, or in their crotches, he thought with a smile.

During the luncheon itself, Lauri kept one hand under the table, apparently on her lap, but actually in his lap, opening his pants to stroke his cock erect as they ate at the long table with forty other people. He glanced at her from the corner of his eye, not sure

whether to grin or to be angry, his eyes lidding. Lauri continued to eat, using her other hand, a demure smile on her face as she glanced up and down the table, none of the men or women aware of what she was doing. Feeling his prick begin to jerk, she put her fork down and brushed her napkin to the floor between their chairs so that she could lean down beneath the table cloth which concealed his crotch. She grinned at the sight of his reddened charger standing up hard from her fist, the veins raised and she quickly scooped her napkin up to cup the bulbous head just as it began to spurt his pearly come from its lips.

His jaws locked, Rick‘s face was flushed as his spend gushed loose and he fought to restrain a groan, his eyes screwing closed, his knuckles going white as he gripped his knife and fork. Lauri sat up, her hand holding the napkin around the crown of his tool, her fingers circled below it.

„Are you all right, love?“ she asked with concern as the woman next to Rick looked at him, wondering at his expression. „Something stuck in your throat?“

„Yeh,“ he said in a hoarse whisper, the spasming of his prod easing, his ears still filled with the pounding of his blood and he gave her a sharp look through slitted eyes.

Recovered, he felt her put his now flaccid cock back into his pants, zipping them up. The luncheon over, she patted her lips with the napkin as if drying them, but he knew that she was tasting his spend, her light gray eyes sparkling from under her dark auburn lashes. He grinned at her, shaking his head with wonderment.

„Now we can get home and you can stop jerking me off,“ he said in a low voice as they left the dining room, the others standing about

chatting and he squeezed one of her pillowy ass cheeks through the thin dress as they walked toward the elevators.

„Certainly was an excellent dessert," she said, restraining a laugh. „Very tasty," she nodded as he gave her a mock look of reproach. „Say, it doesn't look like this room is set up for use," she said, glancing through a parted sliding door and he looked past her to see another dining room as she went in.

„What've you got in mind?" he asked, stepping in after her and she closed the door behind them.

„Not having to wait till we get home," she grinned and he watched her hand move down the front of her dress, opening all of the buttons except the one just beneath the full teardrops of her breasts, the knit separating to reveal the supple indentation along the center of her upper stomach, the smooth forward curve with the vertical shallow of her navel and the inward sweep starting down between her hips toward her cunny, the opening terminating just at this point. Smiling sensuously, she reached out and slid his zipper downward, his prick thrusting his beige slacks out from his thigh.

Lauri's eyes lidded, the blue rims of her gray eyes darkening, the slight gap at the center of her lips widening and she curled her fingers into his pants and around the thick column, working it up and out. Touching the heel of her hand to the damp lips of the head, she drifted her joined fingertips along the side of the shaft that jutted out toward her. He took her face between his hands and touched his mouth to hers, his tongue slicing between her teeth. Flowerlike, Lauri's mouth opened for their tongues to moistly caress and he eased his hands back through the smooth flow of her long hair, his thumbs brushing the snowy down upon the top rims of her ears.

Murmuring happily, she touched her fingers to his sides, rolling the vermilion jersey of his crew necked pullover upward baring his stomach and she slid her hands up beneath his arms, gripping him as his tongue rolled and washed within the sweet cavern of her mouth. She pressed the forward arching of her body against his, rubbing her bared belly against the underside of his rod, squeezing it between them. He pressed his tongue farther into her mouth as he felt the silky warmth of her flesh stroking the cleft of his head and the rise of his dorsal vein, tremors of warmth spreading out through his body.

He unfastened the remaining button of her dress from its loop eyelet and the cloth pulled outward, baring the insides of her tits with their rounded, widening bases and their sloping tops, her aureoles near invisible flushes at the conical points, the knit holding upon the nubs of her nipples. He raised his hands as if to lower the dress from her shoulders, but instead he grazed his fingertips back around her neck to the soft down at the nape. Gripping his waist, she rolled her hips from side to side against his, her mouth opened wide for the undulations of their tongues, her lips twisting against his. He lightly scraped the“ backs of his nails up and down her slender neck and moved his lips up and to the side, kissing her cheek. His fingertips touched the furls of her ears, daubing and turning in each small, pink contour.

She sighed with a whisper as his hands curved down and in with her back, curving out with the full cheeks of her fanny, kneading and turning the resilient softness of the globes in his hands, his fingers drawing the dress up in the back. He moved his lips over her ear and she pressed her mouth to the juncture of his neck and shoulder, her tongue burrowing. He slid the crocheted hemline up from the backs of her thighs and over the V of bright, transparent green that covered the center of her lush ass. He slid his fingers under the thin waistband to press the nylon down from the smooth spheres and under them. She bit lightly at his throat, moaning against his flesh as he stroked the tender undersides, the heat of her nook radiating out between her thighs and against his flexing fingers.

Reluctantly, his hands rose from her backside, letting the dress drop back down over the twin orbs and curved to her shoulders, drawing the dusky tan fabric from the flushed alabaster of her flesh. Easing her fingernails over his back, Lauri leaned back to let him slide the cloth from the ache of her nipples and clear of her breasts, revealing their fullness and also the upturned peaks of her hardened nipples, rosy-pink atop the just discernible flush of their aureoles. She pressed her tits against his chest, twisting and sliding her nipples against his muscled body, dragging them through his hair.

Slipping the sleeves from her arms, he let the dress fall to the floor and he slid his fingers between her hips and panties. Their mouths came together again and he pushed her panties below-her nook. Raising one leg, she pulled the instep of her foot up the side of his calf as he slid the verdant green panties lower, their tongues lashing in the turmoil of their fused mouths. She lowered her leg so that he could push the tiny band of nylon to just above her knees. His hands sliding back up to cup her fanny, he introduced his foot between her thighs to push down atop the panties, the cloth stroking her calves as it dropped around her ankles. Lifting her foot from the leg hole of the panties, she slid it back up his leg and he reached down to support her thigh so that she could lift both of her long legs in his grip, wrapping them around his hips.

He pressed his palms along the sides of her thighs and around to her spread ass cheeks and skimmed his fingertips through the valley between them and down against the base of her cunt. She wiggled sensuously against his stomach, his fingers sending hot flickerings through her flesh, her posture exposing the rosy bud of her anus, snowy down ringing it with reflected light. Curling his fingers up into the humid pout of her mound, he moved his mouth down her slender throat, his lips flexing against her warm flesh. Linking her hands behind his neck, she leaned back from him, the top of her slit pressing the underside of his cock, pushing it against his stomach as he opened his lips over the points of her tits.

Lauri groaned as he drew the tapering lengths of her nipples into his mouth, his tongue glazing their tender tips. She tongued his ear and he pulled as much of her breasts into his mouth as he could, greedily tasting the lush teardrops, her fingernails clawing lightly at the nape of his neck. He hiked her higher against his stomach, her cunny rising along the press of his staff, stroking it with her damp heat and he held her out from him as he moved one hand down to guide his cock toward the broiling fissure of her cunny.

„Oh, yes. Yes," she murmured as she felt the full bulb touch between her hungering lips and he carefully eased her back down, but this time upon the turgid spire of his cock. Lauri bit into her lower lip as she felt the crown of his sex in her and she sank down to envelop the bulb within her pink slit. Her hands clutched at his shoulders as she felt herself begin to slide down the long rod, feeling the top of his tumescent bulk buffing her extended clit, sending reels of ecstasy through her body. Then he was within her and she tightened her nook around his rigid length, rubbing her cervix against the lips of his head as he began to rock his hips up against her, tightening and relaxing his prod within her.

Lauri let her head loll back, a sensuous smile on her lips as she felt her sweltering sheath filled with him. She kissed him wildly, her tongue lashing out in a frenzy as he began to walk toward the small speaker's stage at the front of the dining room, each step jerking and churning his prick within her, flashes of sizzling heat rushing through her. He bent his knees, his feet tightly braced and sat her on the apron of the stage, Lauri relaxing her grip to lie back, drawing her long legs up and catching her heels on the edge, their merged loins shifting as he pulled his sweater all the way off.

Gripping her hips, he began to rise and fall in the humid crevice of her cunny, swinging in low and pulling out high, whipping under her clit, his feet back against the floor. Her fanny twisting against the carpeted stage, she pressed her head back, her eyes lidded and she

sucked air through parted lips, wrapping her statuesque legs around him as he leaned forward atop his forearms, his body pressing against hers as his tool pumped in and out of her pulsing hive. She bounced her ass up from the stage, thrusting against the pistoning drive of his cock and he lowered his face to her tits, his stomach rolling as he continued to rise and fall within her snatch, her hot caresses accelerating the throbbing that pounded outward from his prod.

Lauri‘s mouth widened, her body writhing and trembling beneath his loving assault, her firm thighs gripping his sides, her tapering calves pulling against his back, the insides of her heels pressing the tops of his buttocks as her nook stuttered and tingled with electric surges of joy. Her body quaked and bucked against his and she groaned hoarsely, the sound becoming a gasping cry as she came, the tensions within her underbelly suddenly released. Bliss rushed through her, her cunt clutching madly at his cock and she was past the apex of her orgasm, her mind adrift, her legs relaxing to drop loosely, her feet touching the floor.

Holding her to him, he rolled over and she-swayed drunkenly, seated upon the saddle of his hips. He cupped his hands under her breasts to balance her, whipping his staff up into her still quivering nest, vibrating his engorged spar within the torrid lagoon of her nook. She cried out with the rapture that swept back over her, the orgasm swelling higher to blur her senses, her mind spinning. She clutched his arms for support and he eased her down atop him, swinging her legs over to one side of his body so that he could turn her back toward him, all the caresses, arousals and kisses of the morning having accumulated within him. He rolled over with her beneath him, the lush pillows of her ass against his abdomen as he raised up onto his knees, his hands lifting her with him, his cock pounding madly within the blazing oven of her cunny. Her ass thrust up against him, Lauri moaned deliriously as he jammed his cock within her quaking nook and she pressed her cheek to the carpet, her hands clutching the

pile, her nipples chafing against it, her knees burrowing. Explosions and implosions roared through her consciousness, her body becoming a single, hypersensitive nerve ending that spasmed around the roaring ramrod of his prick. Her orgasm continued to build, her long hair spilling over her face as her mouth widened. Groaning and whimpering with the raptures consuming her, she pushed her ass back against him and pulled her hands under her to grip the aching of her tits, her fingers indenting the rounded widenings of their lower halves, the conical points pressing against the carpet, the tapering nipples twisting in the thick pile.

He groaned as the gulping clutch of her cunt yanked the come loose of his balls, his back arching as the hot juices gushed through him and into the heaving hose of his cock, the throbbings of pleasure crashing against his mind. He gripped her to him, their shared climax erupting, his joint blasting his spend up into her, the underside of his shaft whipping under her clit, their juices blending, their bodies convulsing together, cock and cunt fusing. Their flesh seemed to melt and flow together. Perspiration glistened on their bodies and slowly, as his fountaining began to slacken, they began to ease free of the intensity of their culmination.

She stretched forward on her belly, leaning to one side so that he could roll over behind her, his softening tool slipping loose of her flooded nest. Smiling warmly with satisfaction, she turned toward him and touched her lips to his chest as they embraced.

„Bet that queer from the airport‘d stop being a dyke if she knew how good you are,“ Lauri smiled, surprising herself as much as she did Rick.

CHAPTER THREE

Wednesday had come and Donna had returned for her three day layover, Felice picking her up at the airport. Felice stood before the houseboat of a couple Donna sometimes stayed with; both were at work for the day. While Donna put her bags inside, Felice looked out over the calm surface of the water to the azure sky and then around the isolated cove the houseboat was moored in. The ground sloped up from the water‘s edge, saplings and maple trees concealing them from above.

Donna came out a few moments later, a flight bag in hand and her smile faded as she looked around in confusion for Felice. Spotting her in a small clearing forty feet up the slope, Donna followed, sunlight dappling her as the shadows of leaves flowed over her. Felice watched her stop at the other side of the clearing and they stood staring into one another‘s eyes for long moments. The air was still, the drone of an outboard motor drifting from the other end of the lake. Their breathing deepened, memories of their flight together returning for a moment.

Felice watched Donna put the flight bag down atop the smooth stump of a freshly felled tree at her side and saw her lean over to unzip it. A smile of girlish excitement was on the woman‘s face, the natural flare of her nostrils accented, her full, wide lips parted. She wore her day uniform with its knee-high, tan suede boots and reddish-orange jumpsuit, sleeveless with a short culottes bottom that now rode up in the back to reveal the bottoms of her full ass cheeks, the high heels of the boots combining with her posture to accent the shapeliness of her long legs.

Straightening, Donna turned, brushing the soft waves of her hair back from the sculpted flow of her graceful neck, her violet eyes

gleaming as she held out a two-way dildo, her long fingers holding it by elastic straps. The corners of her mouth curling with hesitant glee, she touched the tip of her tongue to the curve of her upper lip, waiting for Felice‘s response.

„I-picked it up when we stopped over in Denmark,“ Donna explained softly.

Felice was not dressed as she had been on the plane, in elegantly soft and clinging fabrics, with a skirt and pearls. Instead, she wore a pair of low-cut, black leather pants, the legs tight to mid-calf, silver conches along the outer seams, the crotch laced over a wide tongue of the tooled leather. The pointed toes of matching boots extended from below the wide bottoms of the legs. Above, she wore a fitted blouse of black velvet, collarless, wide-sleeved and fastened only by a silver pin just between her breasts, the light tan of her belly and the center of her chest visible between the dark sheen of the velvet. A neckband of white lace seemed almost incongruous at first glance, but added both a contrast to the black leather and velvet and a suggestion of vulnerability to the aggressive appearance she otherwise presented.

„Take off your uniform,“ Felice said in a husky whisper, a thoughtful smile playing her lips.

Donna nodded and she set the dildo down, her long fingers lifting to the uniform‘s collar, catching the circle of metal and she slowly drew it down, opening the zipper. The soft-knit fabric expanded from her high cleavage as did the curved bases of her wide breasts and the contoured belly and deep navel. Her slender arms lifted and the cloth came free of the rounded points of her shoulders, dropping along her bare arms, away from the pinkish-tan of her erect nipples, her slender waist and caught upon her high, full hips. Her tapered fingers touched the uniform and it dropped down to ring her feet, curved over the brushed suede boots which were now all that she wore. She

continued to stare at Felice who was moving her eyes over her nakedness, waiting for the girl‘s next instruction.

„Come and put it on me-in me,“ Felice whispered, the golden-brown of her eyes widening, the light haloing the short-cropped gold of her hair.

Donna nodded, picking up the double-headed dildo and walked toward the girl, her. Booted legs moving with a delaying slowness, her fanny rolling easily atop her long legs. Standing before Felice, she held the dildo out in the cup of her joined hands, her elbows to her sides, the high heels arching her body slightly forward. Felice drifted her fingertips over the thick, almost fleshlike rubber of the doubly long dildo, veins sculpted into the shaft. She lowered her face to Donna‘s cupped hands as if to sip water and her long tongue slid out to move along the shaft, curling almost fully around it and she gently kissed the bulbs of the fat knobs. Straightening, she curved her fingers around the trunk, squeezing softly and lifted it from Donna‘s hands. Looking into the light orchid of the woman‘s eyes, she nodded toward the ground and Donna sank to her knees, her hands lifting to the lacings of the leather pants, unfastening the bow and tugging the strip of leather free of the eyelets. She slid the lacing free, the pants opening from the insides of Felice‘s hips, the wide tongue of the crotch piece held in place. Felice lifted one hand to her throat, brushing the intricate lace of her neckband. Donna‘s eyes raised to watch this and then she slid the strip of black leather around her neck, tying it in front, ten inches dropping down between her lush breasts. She reached back out and caught the top of the crotch piece between her fingertips and eased it out and down away from the burnished gold fur of Felice‘s underbelly. Donna‘s breathing deepened as she stared at the half-masked dampness of the girl‘s slit.

Holding the dildo by the center of the shaft, Felice held it down toward Donna as she raised her face and the woman opened her

mouth as the bulbous head touched her lips. Her eyes closed and she sucked tightly at the thick, pseudo cock, her tongue feeling the vein work. Felice eased it back and forth, the woman‘s hands reaching up as if to caress balls beneath the shaft and she slid it free, the flesh colored prod now gleaming wetly as Donna looked up through blurred eyes. Felice held the dildo in place and Donna‘s hands took it from hers, turning the lubricated end toward Felice‘s bared cunny. Felice reached down into her opened pants and unsnapped the crotch piece from within, the snaps hidden, her muff now framed by the U of the black leather.

Donna pressed the fat cap of the dildo into the golden fur, between the wet lips and into Felice‘s cunt, slowly working the long shaft up into her channel. Felice‘s hands touched at the top of her head which was pressed back as the thick shaft moved higher within her, filling her with a pulsing heat. Donna continued to slide the shaft up, past the halfway point until it would go no further. Her body curved forward from her ass cheeks‘ backward thrust, Felice rocked her hips slowly from side to side, squeezing her vaginal muscles tight around the filling bulk, her eyelids lowering at the warm sensations that flowed through her. Donna took the elastic straps in her hands, binding the dildo to Felice‘s hips with caressing touches and she opened her mouth around the head of the phallus again.

Felice looked down at the circle of Donna‘s full lips nuzzling the top of the veined shaft, the uptilt of the upper lip accented, her cheeks drawing in tightly as she sucked at the thick vector as if it were a true cock-Felice‘s cock. The suckling shifted the rod high within the girl and she murmured in pleasured response to Donna‘s bobbing mouthing, her hips thrusting lightly, moving the prod in and out of the woman‘s mouth. Donna‘s hands gripped Felice‘s leather garbed hips after securing the waistband. Her breathing deepening, she lifted up a bit from one knee, one arm going around Felice‘s to slide her hand down under the black leather pants and she felt the silky lushness of Felice‘s ass cheeks. Donna curved the joined fingertips of her other

hand down beneath the shaft, between the damp gold of Felice‘s pelt and the leather, grasping the lower strap. Felice groaned as the woman‘s long fingers slid under the base of her pulsing slit and met the other hand which pressed between the ripe pillows of her fanny to catch the elastic and draw it up. Fastening it to the back of the waistband, she pulled the strap taut between the underneath of her cloven mound and between her nether cheeks. Her mouth pulling harder up and down the phallus, Donna removed her hand from the back of the pants, squeezing one deeply cleaved asscheek, her other hand remaining in the pants so that she could rub her fingers up into Felice‘s wet hive, brushing against the pistoning shaft.

Felice touched her hands to the soft waves of Donna‘s light brown hair. The dildo fired the shouldering heat within her body? Her blood pounding in her ears, her heart beating faster, her breasts straining against the velvet blouse as her breathing became ragged. A bird trilled amid the tree tops. She dampened her lips, the prod churning within her cunny. The sound of the distant motorboat echoed within the cove. Her fingers tightened in Donna‘s hair, garbing themselves in the lustrous waves.

Donna drew her fingers out from the leather pants, the tips against the underside of the shaft. She pulled her mouth back toward the bulbous head and curled her gleaming fingers around the rod, rubbing Felice‘s rich juices into the saliva moistened, fleshlike rubber. Their eyes lidded, they looked at one another with torrid arousal and Donna moved her mouth back toward the gleaming gold of Felice‘s high muff, suddenly closing around much of the shaft to suck Felice‘s heady nectar from it, her head shifting from side to side, moving the other end of the two-headed dildo within the broiling throbbings of Felice‘s underbelly. She cupped her hands to either side of the pistoning column, pressing the plump portals around the prod, the flaxen threadings soft against her palms. She rubbed her full breasts against Felice‘s thighs, the sleek leather caressing the pinkish-tan nubs of her nipples, her own cunny drenched with desire. Felice‘s

flesh burned feverishly as she moved her hips, her nook clenching around the thick length. Donna‘s fingers pressed her clit down against the top of the trunk. She gave a gasping groan, her head going back, her eyes squinting against the bright sunlight that seemed to burn through her closed lids. She cried out, the sound coming from her tightened diaphmgm, her loins heaving against Donna as she came, vertigo staggering her. She clutched the woman‘s shoulders for support, Donna‘s hands shifting to balance her as she climaxed.

The sound of Felice‘s stuttering gasps was loud in the stillness of the woods. Gradually her head began to clear and Felice swallowed hard, her eyelids parting to see the lake spangled with sunlight. Dampening her lips, she looked down at the violet eyes smiling up at her, the rubber showing teeth marks from where Donna had bitten with full force, chewed with abandon, the woman having used the dildo for all its oral advantages. Smoothing Donna‘s hair back gently, Felice smiled down at her as she steadied herself.

Felice reached down and raised the ten-inch length of leather from where it was tied at the front of Donna‘s throat. Pulling the strip tight by raising her hand, Felice watched the head of the dildo press Donna‘s lower lip down as she rose up, baring the sleek pinkness and her pearly teeth. Standing before Felice, Donna felt the knob against the juncture of her thighs as if seeking to lift up into her russet bush and into her juicy nest. They stood staring into one another‘s eyes for long moments, Donna wearing only her high heel, suede boots, Felice dressed except for the crotch panel removed from her pants, the sunlight gleaming from the wet phallus stabbing out from her golden pelt. Donna stood with her hands at her sides and Felice drifted her free hand over the widening slopes of her firm breasts, brushing the erect nipples. Smiling to herself, she looked up and turned, her hand on her shoulder, the leather strip leading Donna along behind her, the collar of the leather dark against her tanned flesh.

Felice stopped before a tall pine and looked up into its boughs. Turning, she untied the strip from Donna‘s neck and bound it around one wrist:, then started to-move around to the other side of the tree.

„First, Felice ... „ Donna began hesitantly and Felice stopped, looking back at her. „Can I turn it around?“ she asked, nodding toward the dildo. „I-I want your come on it when ... when you fuck me,“ she said with a shy smile, her voice softening.

Felice nodded, smiling warmly and Donna reached around to unfasten the waistband. Stretching the elastic of the crotch strap, she eased the two-way phallus out from the succulent pink of Felice‘s slit, her hands clenched around the hard rubber, the heel of one against the top of the other. They both watched the bell-shaped head press into Donna‘s cunt as more and more of the wet length came from Felice‘s mound and Felice smiled, thinking of Chino, only to suddenly close her eyes as the crotch strap pulled tighter between her buttocks and the base of her mound. Tilting the prod down from her muff, Donna slid the other head along the top of Felice‘s nook and out of her, swinging the end she had sucked into the girl‘s cunt. Gingerly touching her fingertips to the bared head so as not to remove any more of Felice‘s secretions than necessary, her other hand aligned the opposite phallus with the girl‘s socket. Felice shivered with a flashing orgasm as the rod slid up her, the elastic relaxing. She looked down at the end now jutting from her furrow, the thick column gleaming with her spendings. Taking a deep breath, she stepped back around the pine and Donna embraced the heavy trunk of the tree, her wrists meeting. Felice tied the leather, binding the woman‘s wrists together and took a step back, seeing only Donna‘s forearms, hands and feet. She moved back around behind Donna, staring at the supple contours of her back, at the backward thrust of her lush ass cheeks which flowed down and out from the small of her back and arched up from her shapely legs which the tan suede boots accented. Without thought, Felice flexed her cunny around the prod filling it.

Embracing the tree, Donna felt the bark against her tits, belly and thighs. Her cheek against the tree, she could not see Felice and anticipation began to quicken her pulse. She could hear leaves crackle under the gaucho heels of Felice‘s hand-tooled boots and could see, in her mind‘s eye, the lubricated cock standing out stiffly from Felice‘s loins. Then she felt Felice‘s hands spread against her shoulders, slowly tightening as they moved to her upper arms and the head of the prod nuzzled between her thighs, stroking the bottom of her fanny. She pressed her breasts against the tree, chafing her burning nipples against its texture. She felt Felice‘s feline mouth brush the nape of her neck and the girl‘s now naked tits drifting their round nipples against her. She sipped air through clenched teeth, the soles of her boots digging into the ground, her hands gripping the other side of the tree. The knob opened her cunny, sliding up into the quivering heat of her nook, leather and Felice‘s satiny flesh pressing against her twisting fanny, the rounded domes of her tits rubbing against her back. Felice‘s hands gripped the sides of the tree, her lips moving over Donna‘s shoulder and back as she turned the dildo in the roil of Donna‘s cunt, rubbing against the woman‘s fanny, twisting her tits against her warm flesh, the other end of the dildo whirling and thrusting within her recesses.

Donna‘s body stayed in place against the tree as she hugged it harder, but it undulated as Felice‘s thrustings quickened the fiery pulse of her cunny. She whimpered with joy as orgasms began to blossom like crimson roses, blurring her hearing, her thoughts swimming. She bucked her ass back against Felice, sliding along the big shaft. Felice‘s moans joined Donna‘s, her biting mouth widening over Donna‘s nape, her body shivering as her cunt spasmed with mounting orgasms. They both gripped the pine for support, Donna between Felice and the tall tree, between the girl‘s lushness and the tree‘s firmness, the prick Donna had sucked and bitten moving within Felice‘s quaking nook, the prick coated with Felice‘s juices flailing within Donna‘s raging fissure. Donna‘s nostrils seemed to fill with the scent of the pines, her perceptions shifting like quicksilver. Amid the

carnal turmoil, the thought occurred to her that it was no longer Felice propelling the prod within her, but that the tree had sprouted a branch that was expanding and growing within the clutchings of her snatch, that she was fucking with the tree. As soon as the thought had formed, it was swept on in the maelstrom of her linking orgasms, but she twisted her loins against the tree, gripping its trunk all the tighter. She cried out, her body shaking with the convulsions of her underbelly, her ears ringing. Felice gasped hoarsely as Donna‘s climax spun and thrust the shaft that she clutched within her cunny and their muscles twitched with tension as they came, their bodies moving with the release of their arousal, with their culmination as their recesses suddenly ceased to contract, seeming then to expand forever until there was no tightness, no tension, nor even form, but only a vaporous drifting within bliss.

They both slid down to their knees, Felice‘s head upon Donna‘s shoulder as they slowly became aware of the sound of the birds, of the woods and of their own bodies. Felice‘s fingers untied the leather, freeing Donna‘s wrists and they lay back upon the ground, feeling no incentive toward action. Finally, after they had regained their senses, Donna sat up upon Felice‘s hips and leaned forward, her straightened arm reaching out for her to slide her hand down Felice‘s leg, stroking the black leather.

„Can you get another of these?“ Felice asked, reaching up to languidly stroke the golden tan of Donna‘s back.

„Oh, I bought this for you, darling,“ Donna smiled back over her shoulder as she straightened up and she turned upon the pivot of the prod buried within her drenched hook to face toward the smiling girl. „My, but what a big dong y‘got, girl,“ she grinned as she pushed up off her knees, raising up along the phallus that now glistened with a mix of their rich juices. Felice chuckled, looking down along the torso to see the prick jutting up from her pubic hair, seeing the gleaming envelope of Donna‘s open slit depart it to be replaced with her lush

ass cheeks as the woman arched forward, reaching behind her to draw the full cushions apart. Slowly, Donna lowered herself back down, relaxing her sphincter muscles as the well lubricated head of the dildo pressed into the aperture of her anus. As it expanded, the shaft gradually disappeared as her fanny descended.

„Me too," Felice whispered, Donna's movements shifting the other end of the dildo within her now hypersensitive cleave, her eyes on Donna's expression of receptiveness to the sensations she was feeling.

Donna nodded with a smile and tightened her ass around the long rod as she pulled back from Felice, stretching the elastic straps as Felice unsnapped the pants, pushing them down from her hips to bare her fanny as the dildo came loose of her cunt. Donna guided the head down beneath the drenched gold of the girl's muff and between the pert nether cheeks. Felice unfastened the waistband, Donna pushing the pants down her legs and they stretched out on their backs, their heads in opposite directions, their asses coming together as the dildo expanded Felice's rectum, her bowels tremoring with heat, their knees raised. The dildo was almost concealed as their bodies began to move back and forth against one another, their ass cheeks flattening together as they shifted the two-headed prod within their backsides. Sunlight dappled their beautiful bodies and their smiling faces, their eyes closed to the unhurried pleasures, their movements like the lappings of the calm lake upon its banks.

Miles away, Lauri was stretched out upon her back, but in the privacy of her backyard with its stone fence and several acres and the neighbors on either side away at work. Wearing a knit bikini, she restlessly changed stations on the portable FM at her side and tried to pay attention to the music, to relax, but she shifted around uncomfortably after a few moments. She glanced at the houses to either side of her as if to reassure herself that nobody was around and she reached down to unsnap the maroon bottoms at the hips, flipping the front

panel down between her legs and away from the flame. Raising up onto one elbow, she removed the top and stretched back out, reaching out to open a jar of cold cream. Despite the fact that she had only been sunbathing for a few days, her skin was no longer an alabaster, but a warm, ginger tan, the areas the bikini had covered a shade lighter. Stretched out, her body seemed sculpted from sand, the impression of gauzed softness retained when looking at her. The pointed tips of her tear-drop breasts stood up proudly as she covered the near invisible flush of her aureoles and the upturned spikes of her rosy-pink nipples with the cold cream, protecting them from drying and darkening. Her full breasts sloped lushly to the sides as she lay back again, putting the jar aside. She fidgeted after a few moments, again changing the radio station and frowned with irritation over the sense of nervous uneasiness that had been with her for several days. She scissored her long legs, the sun glinting from a fine, white down upon her firm thighs and then drew her heels up toward the bottoms of her ripe ass cheeks, the sunlight glowing upon a light haze of pale down that collared the pink bud of her anus with snowy fur. Her hand absently brushed the top of her copper muff, her upper arm pressing her breast up high upon her chest. She frowned again and her hand tightened into a fist that she stuck against the ground beside her hip. Again and again, she had found herself recalling Felice at the airport, kissing Donna, caressing the woman, speaking to her, looking at her.

„Shit!“ Lauri said through clenched teeth, angered with herself for not just forgetting the girl whose actions she had found so offensive. Her eyes closed and her features tightened as she determined to concentrate on the music and to forget having ever seen Felice.

Waking, Felice opened her eyes to see a woman standing before her, looking down at the naked sprawl of her body upon the bed. The tapered oval of the woman‘s Afro provided a jet-black crescent that framed her face. Beneath a high, rounded forehead and arched eyebrows, ebony eyes glowed liquidly, staring intensely at Felice.

Curved slightly to the outsides, the large eyes had a catlike suggestion to them, the lashes thick, the lids sheathlike around the orbs. The bridge of the woman‘s nose was slender, the tip curving down beneath the flared nostrils to accent the widening cleft of the upcurved upper lip, ivory teeth showing between it and the petulant ripeness of the lower lip. Gold, crescent earrings hung from the lobes of her ears which were set back behind the broad, rounded cheekbones from below which her jaws curved down and in to her firm chin. It was a sensual, beautiful face that mysteriously suggested a wide range of emotions, the midnight pools of her eyes swimming with thoughts and reactions.

Four loops of tiny gold links hung from around her long, proud neck, bright against the dusky cocoa of her flesh, each loop lower than the last so that they reached to the cleft her voluptuous breasts, her prominent cleavage showing at the base of the rounded neckline of her Dashiki-cut blouse which was worn with a tailored suit of shantung silk, the chamois-beige of the skirt accenting her shapely legs.

„Donna left this note for you,“ the woman said, her voice warm, the words flowing and Felice sat up to take the offered piece of paper which read: Emergency call to work. Would‘ve woken you, but you look too lovely and Enid and Bob not due for several hours. Phoned for cab. Hope you had good nap. See you soon. Love, Donna.

„You‘re Enid,“ Felice said, looking up from the note.

„Yeah,“ she nodded. „Guess you were tireder than she thought.“

„Um,“ Felice nodded back and followed Enid‘s eyes to where her leather pants lay with the dildo. „Well, I‘d better split,“ Felice said, dropping her feet to the floor.

„I‘ve known Donna for a long time,“ Enid mused, hanging up her jacket. „Always a surprise around the corner, I guess,“ she shrugged, the jacquard of her blouse patterned with dazzling oranges, golds and purples. „Oh well ... „ she said almost to herself as she removed her pale shell-pink heels and she moved into the living room, Felice watching her go to the kitchen area where she opened the refrigerator.

„Uh, listen,“ Felice began, walking to the doorway, „I‘m sorry if ... „ and she trailed off, uncertain as to what she should say.

„No need,“ Enid said with a wave of her hand and she glanced around the inside of the refrigerator for a moment, closing it without taking anything out. „I was just feeling curious, I guess,“ she admitted, turning toward Felice and she stared with a trace of surprise at the girl‘s naked beauty. The sight of her asleep on the bed and seeing the note now took on a different aspect. „How old are you, anyway?“

„Sixteen,“ Felice said with a trace of a smile, noting the small waist the tapered blouse suggested. „Why?“

„Oh, I ... „ Enid frowned and sat down at the dining table with her side to it. „I guess my feelings are hurt,“ she shrugged and rested her elbow on the tabletop as she drew the back of her pink thumbnail down her temple, the widening sleeve dropping down from her forearm to reveal a high, spiral bracelet.

„That we made love here?“ Felice asked, stepping forward from the doorway, the fluid grace of her petite body reminding Enid of a ballerina, the girl‘s weight shifting subtly upon the flow of her feet, the legs long and shapely above the trim ankles.

„No,“ Enid muttered, crossing her legs and looked down at the table, the skirt riding up several inches above her knees. „No, I mean hurt that Donna ... that she never gave any indication she was ... that she didn‘t trust me,“ and she looked up at the lidded, golden-brown eyes that looked at her without guile, the light haloing Felice‘s short, golden hair. Felice said nothing, apparently knowing that she had not said all that she thought. Enid exhaled slowly, glancing at the pliant length of the stomach before her. „That she didn‘t find me-that she didn‘t come on to me,“ Enid admitted.

„I‘m her first woman lover,“ Felice said, her fingertips touching reassuringly at Enid‘s shoulder. „And I‘m sure she finds you as fantastically arousing as I do,“ she said and Enid‘s ebony eyes lifted to hers with a trace of surprise. „Now that Donna‘s tried it, I‘d be surprised if she doesn‘t come on to you the first chance she gets.“

„That‘s nice of you to say,“ Enid said softly and then laughed with a shake of her head. „Weird number, thanking you for telling me I open your nose.“

„Have you ever wanted to come on to Donna?“

„I-“ and Enid started to look away, stopping herself, the girl‘s straight forward manner and the openness of her eyes allowing her not to. „Yeah,“ she nodded. „See what you mean about not getting hurt feelings. So-so do you,“ she said abruptly, her words enunciated to allow her to speak directly, „-turn me on.“

„Then let‘s make a date,“ Felice smiled.

„My-Bob‘s out for the evening, playing cards,“ Enid said and found herself smiling too and she lowered her eyes to the wide-set globes standing proudly from Felice‘s chest, the pink pearls of her nipples erect.

Enid touched her fingers tentatively to one of the satiny domes and they both stared for a moment at the contrast of their flesh, dark cocoa against creamy gold. Enid‘s long fingers curved, drifting over the soft warmth of Felice‘s breast and she looked up to see the girl‘s rosy-pink lips part, her mouth taking on a carnal suggestion, the tip of her tongue touching to break the seal of the corner of her mouth, russet against damask. Enid‘s touch floated down over the definition of Felice‘s stomach to the suggestion of a playful pout at its base. Their breathing had deepened, their eyes lidding. Felice moved her palm over the velvet sheen of Enid‘s hair, pressing lightly down against the cushiony softness and raised her other hand to Enid‘s shoulder as she slowly lowered herself to one knee before the chair. Enid stared down into her eyes, Felice‘s hands drifting down to curve the outsides of her thighs. Felice drew her hands down from the nubby texture of the skirt to the smooth firmness of Enid‘s lower thighs, gently stroking the flesh, her breasts shifting with her movements. She leaned forward and kissed Enid‘s knee, gradually expanding her mouth over the curvature. Enid swallowed hard as she felt Felice‘s long tongue flowing over her flesh, the girl‘s hands moving upward, pressing the skirt higher in passing and Felice cupped one of the woman‘s full hips, her other hand opening the snap and zipper of the skirt.

Enid reached forward to stroke the blonde hair brushed back from the smooth plane of Felice‘s forehead, her breath tremorous as she felt Felice‘s fingers move between the bottom of her Dashiki and the loosened top of her skirt, moving over her hip and the top of her panties. Felice eased her mouth away from Enid‘s knee, her tongue continuing to lap against her, dusky pink against warm brown and Enid marveled at the length of Felice‘s pointed tongue.

Enid let her legs open as Felice leaned forward, pressing against her knees and Felice‘s hands moved up under the blouse, her wrists pushing the cloth upward, Felice‘s palms caressing the sides of the woman‘s long, slender torso until she felt her bra. The loosened skirt

draped down toward Enid‘s lap, exposing the top of her pale lavender panties below the tightened curve of her smooth stomach. Enid‘s navel was a wide furl, deep-set and a shade lighter than her stomach. Felice‘s hands moved behind her, unclasping the bra and widening over the firmness of her back. Enid moved her hands to the nape of Felice‘s neck, following the light curve into the girl‘s slightly wide shoulders as she felt the cups of her bra come away from her swollen breasts, her nipples burning.

Enid murmured, her shoulders pressing back as Felice lowered her lips to circle her navel, the long tongue curling into the cleft as her hands slid back down Enid‘s sides and out from under the Dashiki, skimming over the skirt and moving back up Enid‘s thighs, caressing their lush fullness until she reached the bikini panties, her mouth moving over Enid‘s stomach, her lips and teeth nuzzling the warming flesh as she curled her fingers into the panties. Enid‘s rich ass lifted from the chair and Felice pulled the transparent nylon below them and down her thighs. Enid felt the girl remove them from her ankles, her breasts and cunny covered though she felt extremely naked with her bra open beneath the loose blouse and her body bare under her loosened skirt. She looked down at Felice as she raised her head and pressed the insides of her calves against the outsides of Felice‘s high, silky buttocks, her nook opening under the skirt, the air cool against her damp lips.

„Crazy bein‘ with a teenage ... white ... girl ... „ Enid said breathlessly.

„Crazy?“ Felice smiled, her mouth curving elfinly and she took Enid‘s hands in hers as she stood, her body straightening with a fluidity that accented the slender breadth of her torso.

„Cra-zy,“ Enid grinned, standing and the skirt dropped around her feet, revealing the narrow V of tight coils curving up to a low peak at the top of her full mound.

Enid released Felice‘s hands and gathered the hem of her blouse, lifting it up from her indented belly, her body arching forward as she drew it over her head. Lowering her arms, she dropped the richly colored garment on the table and let the shoulder straps of the bra drift down her arms, baring the ripe firmness of her large breasts, the wide pegs of her nipples thrusting out from the slight rise of her aureoles. Her breasts and loins were only slightly lighter than the rest of her body, her aureoles a dark mahogany, the tips of her nipples almost a sandalwood. Felice reached up and ran her fingers over the hard peg of one breast, Enid‘s lips lifting at the corners.

„Let‘s get comfortable,“ Enid said in a husky whisper, her hand cupping Felice‘s waist and they turned toward the thick glass panel in the living room floor that was surrounded by large pillows.

They stood at the edge of the glass, looking down into the dark waters of the lake, their arms around one another‘s waists and Felice rested her head against Enid‘s shoulder for a moment before turning into the woman‘s arms, her face pressing into the prominent cleavage of Enid‘s breasts, feeling their swollen softness against her cheeks as she slowly kissed their inner bases, Enid‘s hands moving down the sculpted contour of Felice‘s back, tracing the defined indentation of her spine as it curved in with her narrow waist to sweep out and down to the triangular cleft of her fanny, following the blossoming of the silky pillows with the widening of the girl‘s hips. Felice shifted her rump from side to side within the massaging cuppings of Enid‘s hands, burying her face between the big tits, inhaling deeply of the mix of the woman‘s scent and perfume, her lips-parted against the dark flesh. Enid hugged the girl closer to her, the gold fur of Felice‘s abdomen pressing against the jet curls of her muff and she lowered her head, kissing the soft, backswept golden hair atop Felice‘s head, her fingertips pressing against the juncture of Felice‘s thighs and buttocks, moving inward toward the heat radiating from Felice‘s cunny to knead the soft pattes de derriere. Felice shivered with the delicious warmth that fluttered through her body from the

contact of Enid‘s long fingers, her arms moving around to tightly embrace the woman as they sank down into the softness of the heavy pillows.

Enid stretched back, cradling Felice atop her, the girl‘s lips finding the thick peg of her yearning nipple, circling it with her soft lips. The puckering created the suggestion of a cleft in the upper lip as her tongue snaked forward to wash over the tip and to curl around it teasingly. Felice moved her hands down to Enid‘s small waist and then up beneath the full globes that were so firm that they seemed swollen with milk, ripe thrustings that she stroked and squeezed, her mouth expanding over them as her tongue bathed them with serpentine lickings. Enid turned from the waist, moving her full lips over Felice‘s downy temple, one hand cupping the back of the girl‘s head, the other remaining between the twistings of Felice‘s ass cheeks. Felice murmured with pleasure, pressing the pulsing mound of her cunny up against Enid‘s, feeling the tight curlings of her muff against the pink corolla of her slit. She turned her cheek against Enid‘s breast, her breath rustling between her lips as she raised her mouth toward the glossy lilac of Enid‘s descending mouth and she felt the prominent lips against hers, ripe in their soft fullness. She slid her tongue between them, the rims of Enid‘s upper teeth skimming the top of the long blade and the woman‘s tongue flowed against hers, each moving in languid undulations within the liquid heat of their joined mouths. Enid raised her head, Felice‘s following and she felt the pliant domes of the girl‘s breasts rubbing against hers, the round nipples pulling against her flesh. She twisted her pegged nipples up into the velvet softness of the girl‘s tits, their lips twisting together as their tongues began to move feverishly, lashing and curling, the fluid length of Felice‘s stretching back deep into her mouth, almost reaching into her throat. Enid pressed her fingers up between Felice‘s thighs, touching just behind the base of her furrow, the girl‘s rich syrup drenching it and flowing out to stream over Enid‘s curling fingers. The inside of her forearm pressed into the deep cleft of Felice‘s fanny, turning between the widening ovals as she eased her finger-

tips into the shallow of the girl‘s hive. Felice moaned into her mouth, twisting her breasts against the big globes of Enid‘s, her hands moving to caress the woman‘s voluptuous ass, Enid‘s mouth blossoming against hers as she sucked at her tongue. Her nook tremored with liquid flashes of pleasure as Enid‘s fingers spun over her inner lips and she squeezed the large globes of Enid‘s ass, their mouths parting from the dance of their tongues, their breathing ragged. Gasping, they pressed their cheeks together, rolling upon the pillows until they lay at the edge of the thick glass panel in the floor, the light illuminating a big pike swimming under them, gleaming from its scales.

They planted brief kisses upon one another‘s faces and in one another‘s mouths, turning toward their hands. Felice kissed Enid‘s tightly curved stomach, her hands moving around to cup the fullness of her hips, gliding down over the firm thighs. Enid sucked the pink pearls of the girl‘s nipples and she drew her tongue down the center of her contoured belly, her hands pulling down Felice‘s sides. Felice drifted her lips over the cushiony softness of Enid‘s muff, Enid‘s tongue flicking over the pale fur of her abdomen and Felice kissed the damp coils above Enid‘s slit, Enid‘s mouth following the underslung arch of her cunny, the petulant pad of her lower lip dragging against the strips of bare flesh between her thighs and either side of her pelt. Felice sank her serpentine tongue into the cleft of Enid‘s mound, tasting the bouquet of her secretions, savoring it upon her palate and she nuzzled her mouth into the carmine envelope, her long tongue licking the heady liquor from the sleek inner flesh, probing deep within the quivering of the moaning woman‘s burrow. Her hips thrusting forward, Enid sucked the soft hair atop Felice‘s crevice, sipping the delicious spendings, her nostrils flaring as she inhaled deeply of her musky scent. She moved her tongue down into the gleaming russet embrasure, noticing that her cleave was the same color as her tongue, the tongue that was whirling within her own cunt, sending waves of exquisite heat rolling through her body, her mind swimming as she hungrily pressed her mouth into the trembling bowl of the girl‘s sex, her hands caressing the insides of Fe-

lice‘s shapely thighs. Felice gurgled happily into the humid quakings of Enid‘s underbelly, licking voraciously, her face damp with the woman‘s spend as she pressed her head between Enid‘s thighs, her hands dipping into the well of her cunny and between her lush buttocks, the woman‘s big tits twisting against her stomach. Her tongue found the pearly rise of Enid‘s clit, dabbing lovingly at its burning hardness, beckoning it toward more intense pulsations that quickened the flow of her blood, that sent her mind into a haze of joy and she collared Enid‘s clit in the circle of her lips, her tongue‘s point stroking the tip of Enid‘s apex. They groaned, clutching one another, black and white blending, ebon hair between creamy-gold thighs, golden fur between light cocoa thighs, arms and legs entwined. They rolled atop the houseboat‘s glass flooring, the panel reflecting their writhing bodies, the water reflecting the light back up under them in flowing patterns, Felice kneading Enid‘s ass, her tongue moving over the woman‘s loins, nibbling the insides of her thighs, licking the big globes, probing, suckling, burnishing Enid‘s clit. Enid‘s body arched against Felice‘s as they both twitched with the flarings of orgasms, their recesses pounding with tidal ecstasies, contracting and expanding as they again focused on one another‘s pearls, their hips bucking and rolling, their slits aflame with their deepening orgasms, their hands and arms holding to one another‘s legs, the sparkings of pleasure widening, encompassing their entire bodies, sweeping their minds up in the maelstrom of phosphorescent raptures. They cried out into one another‘s cunts, their breasts pulling and turning against each other‘s bellies, their flesh burning as their cunnies seemed to explode and implode with vivid sensations of ecstasy that raged throughout them. Enid‘s cunt began to spasm around Felice‘s mouth, Felice‘s clutching and relaxing around Enid‘s face, their mounting joy suddenly accelerating, pouring over them, blossoming toward fruition, every nerve ending of their nooks absorbing the feelings produced by the other‘s mouthings. They cried out, their loins spasming with their culmination, incendiary eruptions blasting through them, shaking their joined bodies.

Felice‘s lips pulled back from her teeth, her eyes closed tightly as a blinding glare seemed to overcome her and she shook within Enid‘s embrace, her cry of release echoing within the convulsions of Enid‘s depths, their climaxes searing through them, building higher and higher, deafening them to all but the roar of their blood, their breasts rising and falling with the quickening of their deep breathing. Enid groaned from deep in her throat, her sense of consciousness overpowered by the enrapturing pinnacle of her climax, her body feeling like it was bathed in warm honey. Felice‘s mouth grew still against her trembling clit, the girl‘s satiation curling her lips into a smile of contentment. They shook as the tension left their bodies and they went limp atop the glass, their faces rising from between their thighs, their lips curling into smiles as they saw the expression of fulfillment in one another‘s faces.

„I‘m gonna have t‘thank Donna,“ Enid whispered breathlessly.

„Me too,“ Felice grinned and they turned to face one another, embracing to slowly kiss, their naked bodies vibrant, their eyes glazed and their hands floated over one another‘s hot flesh, their breasts together, their damp muffs brushing as their kiss deepened, their cunnies still quivering from the magnitude of their climaxes.

„Damn, but you‘re gorgeous,“ Felice said after their lips parted, her golden brown eyes staring into the jet pools of Enid‘s, the kaleidoscope of suggested emotions and thoughts still there, but now suffused with tender warmth, Felice‘s guileless eyes sparkling with happiness and loving regard.

„Listen, you‘re the one who‘s-“ Enid began, suddenly stopping with an expression of disbelief.

Frowning with confusion, Felice followed Enid‘s widened eyes‘ staring and she blinked with surprise, seeing the form of a naked man

beneath the glass, swimming under the houseboat. The darkness half-concealed him, but not the angered confusion on his face and then he was suddenly gone, swimming deeper and to the side.

„Your-your husband?“ Felice whispered and Enid slowly nodded, her teeth indenting her lower lip, her eyes tight with apprehension.

CHAPTER FOUR

The moonlight gleamed upon Bob‘s wet flesh, emphasizing the definition of his muscles and turning his dark skin a bright bistre. He stood at the edge of the lake some twenty feet down from the houseboat, his hands clenching his narrow hips, his breathing deep, his eyes narrowed toward the juncture of water and ground, his legs braced.

Enid stepped from the houseboat to the shore, looking toward her husband‘s tensed back with concern. She had put on a deep orange colored abopo with cerise and tan birds rising from the ankle-length hem, winging up at an angle across the wide skirt. She forced herself to walk toward him, her wide-strapped sandals touching lightly against the sandy ground, her left calf and foot emerging from the slit that ran up to the back of her knee. He gave no sign of being aware of her presence, but she knew that he could feel her there, just as she could feel his anger and confusion. She lifted one hand tentatively toward him, the cuff of the wide sleeve falling from just below her elbow, the night air cool against her side as the deep-cut opening bared her side to the waist as she turned toward the water, her arm straight out from her side, her fingertips almost touching him and then descending slowly to her side.

„Bob ... I know how you feel ‚bout what y‘saw, but ... „ „But my wife‘s a punk,“ he said coldly, his voice low.

„No, y‘know that ain‘t true. It‘s just-just that when I came home she was in bed, an‘-“

„She Goldilocks, an‘ you the Mama Bear?“ he cut her off.

„She an‘ Donn‘d ... gone down on each other, an‘ ... What‘s the matter, babe? I‘d never run around on you, do a number with some dude. You got no reason t‘feel threatened. Y‘think I‘m goin‘ t‘blow you off for anybody; fox or dude? You damned well ought‘o know better‘n that. Don‘t you?“ she demanded after a few moments.

„I guess,“ he admitted, dropping one hand from his hip.

„It‘s a different trip, something ... something I‘d wondered about, a fantasy like you wonderin‘ ... about ... „ and she trailed off, turning her eyes toward him.

Curious, Bob looked back at her, seeing her midnight eyes shimmering with inspiration. He let out a deep breath, unable to maintain his anger, the sight of her warming him, making him aware of how much he loved and needed her. He waited for her to continue with what she had begun to say.

Finishing lacing up the crotch piece of her pants, Felice sat on the foot of the bed to pull on her boots, pausing as she saw Enid come into the doorway.

„Be gone in a minute,“ she said, hoping Enid and Bob had worked things out between them.

„Uh, no hurry,“ Enid said, leaning against the doorway. „Bob ... he‘s heard those raps about, y‘know, black dudes rapin‘ white chicks so many times, an‘ near all his life that ... well, he‘s found himself wonderin‘, doin‘ fantasy numbers off it now an‘ again, she said, trying to choose the right words. „Don‘t get me wrong. He gets off on ballin‘ cause it‘s wanted, an‘ we knew each other long enough before ballin‘ so‘s I know, just like I know he doesn‘t get off on hurtin‘. Anyway,“ she said after a moment‘s pause, „I was tellin‘ him how gettin‘ it on with you was sort o‘like that for me and I flashed that ... maybe he

could do it. It wouldn‘t be the same exactly, ‚cause part of it‘d be pretendin‘, but ... but ... „ and she inhaled deeply, frowning over her bogging down in the words.

„I‘ve had those kinda fantasies, time t‘time,“ Felice nodded.

„He won‘t really hurt y‘,“ Enid assured her, brightening as she realized that Felice was agreeing.

„As long as he doesn‘t get too far past that edge,“ Felice smiled. „Sides, you‘ll be in earshot,“ she added, warmed by Enid‘s unselfish love for Bob. „Now, if you‘ve got some clothes that might fit me and you don‘t mind getting torn ... „ she said and began to again unlace the leather pants.

„Some stuff my sister left here,“ Enid nodded, moving toward the closet and she stopped, suddenly embracing Felice tightly.

Dark clouds raced across the moon, thunder rumbling softly in the distance as the surface of the lake shifted under a stiffening breeze. The houseboat was swaying slightly as Felice took the key from the lock and closed the front door behind her. Putting her calfskin purse down, she went into the kitchenette to pour herself a glass of water. The only illumination came from the lamp next to the door. The houseboat creaked softly, the air humid.

She wore a cream colored, rayon shirt-dress, the buttons undone to the cleavage of her breasts, the tips of the wide collar touching the outsides of the firm globes‘ press against the cloth. The ecru lace of her silver colored bra showed at the base of the neckline. A multi-stranded pearl necklace hung from around her throat. The loosely belted dress suggested the slenderness of her waist, the cradling fullness of her hips and the lushness of her ass, the skirt dropping to a few inches above her knees. Putting the glass aside, she turned

toward the darkened bedroom. Crickets chirped madly from the shore in anticipation of the storm.

She turned on the bedside lamp, listening to the whistling of the wind outside and straightened, her hand rising to slip her earrings from the delicate lobes of her ears, her eyes toward the ceiling. Crossing to the dressing table, she freed the top button of the shirt-dress and dropped the earrings into the jewelry box as she glanced at her reflection. Running her fingers back through the softness of her hair, she examined her features matter-of-factly, smiling into her own eyes. The creaking of the boat, the pitch of the wind and the chorus of the insects blended into a low, background litany, against which another sound struck. She frowned, trying to place it and its source as she straightened, looking toward the living room.

Going to the door, she glanced over the room and the kitchenette, seeing nothing amongst the shadows. Shrugging, she turned back to the foot of the bed and lifted one shapely calf behind her, turning from the waist to reach back and unfasten the slender strap crossing her arch. Slipping the terra cotta heel off, she dropped it on the edge of the bed, putting her foot down and repeated the process with the other open-toed, silk shoe. In her stocking feet, she reached back to the nape of her neck and the clasp of the necklace, her face lowering, when she again heard the unexplained sound. She slowly lowered her hands, glancing around uncertainly. After a few moments, she cautiously unbuttoned the high cuffs, Reaving the necklace for later. Nearer, the thunder echoed through the houseboat. A match struck in the darkness.

With a short gasp, she stepped back, her eyes wide. The flame of the match lifted and touched the tip of a cigarette. Someone was seated in the chair before the closet, having sat in the concealment of the shadows to watch her. The blue-rimmed orange of the flame reflected in dark eyes, highlighting a broad nose, a moustache and strong, dark-hued features.

„Who ... ?“ she began, her hands still raised before her, her cuffs open. Teeth flashed brightly as the man smiled and he abruptly blew the match out, a furl of smoke hanging in the air, pale against the darkness, which was interrupted only by the glow of the cigarette. She stood transfixed, unable to move.

The chair legs scraped against the floor as he stood. Her nostrils flared with her quickened breathing as she stood facing him, waiting for him to reveal himself. A two-toned shoe of snakeskin and dark cordovan moved into the light, its Cuban heel clicking against the floor. Her eyes moved from it to the flared leg of his burgundy pants, the light glowing from the velveteen. The tip of the cigarette arced down as he let his hand hang loosely from his side, a silver ring winding around the first joint of his center finger, a bright green shirt cuff showing from under the soft calfskin of his jacket‘s brasssnapped loop cuff. The crotch of his pants were tight, the bulk of his sex bulging outward and was belted with snakeskin that matched his shoes, the shirt above patterned with red, yellow and light green flowers that stood out in relief. The tapered jacket had wide lapels and she realized that his face would next meet her raising eyes and she dampened her dry lips. Brown eyes so dark they appeared black stared out from behind orange-tinted lens in silver frames, lidded eyes that betrayed nothing. The highlights of his dark brown flesh had an earthy red hue, his large afro like dark blue felt where the light fell.

Fully in the light now, he lifted the cigarette to take a slow drag and looked down thoughtfully at it, the smoke curling up from his defined lips. His eyes lifted, appraising her over the rims of the glasses. Suddenly, she turned, racing for the door. He stepped forward without hesitation, his hand grabbing out and she cried out sharply as his fingers dug into the back of the shirt-dress, pulling her back on her heels to spin her around. The cloth tore loudly as she staggered toward the bed, revealing her supple back and the slender strap of her bra. She whirled around, gasping, her eyes wide, seeing the fabric of

her dress in his powerful hand, seeing it released to drift to the floor, now only a rag. Her hands were clutched tightly at her sides. He smiled with a trace of contempt at her defensive posture and casually lifted the cigarette again to his mouth. He took a step toward her and she backed away. He continued toward her and her heel struck the edge of a stool. She almost fell, but desperately righted herself and saw that he had closed the distance between them by a step. She reached back searchingly and her fingers met the wrought iron gate that served as a bathroom door. Lightning crackled above them, the boat shifting on the now choppy water. She turned, shoving the gate open, and leapt into the bathroom, slamming it shut behind her, turning back to hold it closed with all her strength as he came to a stop on the other side.

„Why don‘t you stop bein‘ sucha fool, an‘ enjoy what you‘re goin‘t get, white fox?“ he said with a weary shaking of his head and she pressed even harder against the gate. „Okay,“ he sighed and reached out to grip the wrought iron next to her right hand, pushing toward her. She gritted her teeth, straining against his casual power, feeling the gate shift as he stepped nearer, looking down into her face through the pattern of the iron. The cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth, he raised his other hand as if to grip the gate, but instead reached through it, his big hand brushing against her throat before sliding down over the necklace and into the neckline of the shirt-dress, caressing her silky flesh, turning to run his knuckles between the tops of her breasts, the lace of her bra rubbing against his flesh, dark brown against creamy-gold. She was helpless to prevent him from sliding his fingers and palm under the cloth, his touch firm against her upper chest. Grinning into her face, knowing she could not stop him without surrendering the barrier of the gate, he roughly pushed his fingers under her bra strap, cupping his hand to the contour of her rounded breast, forcing it between her tit and the cup of her bra. She flinched as he caught the pink pearl of her nipple between his fingers, squeezing it as he rolled it between the center knuckles. „Feels like a very sweet tit,“ he chuckled, his fingers in-

denting the pliant softness of her breast and she sucked air in between clenched teeth, her knuckles white as she clutched the gate. He leaned forward, adding his weight to the strength of his arm and she felt her stockinged feet begin to slide on the bathroom floor, the gate moving inward from the door frame, her arms beginning to dully ache. He drew his fingers together, snaring the burning stud of her nipple between their joined tips, tightening to pull it inward, tugging her tit toward her cleavage and she winced at the stinging sensation that lanced through her lush tit from its peak. She stumbled back, grabbing the gate as it swung inward, her body pulling back from his hand, her nipple popping free of his pinch. She dropped to one knee and scrambled to regain her feet as he came into the bathroom, the gate thudding back against the wall.

She looked up anxiously, her lungs heaving. Peels of thunder rolled through the room, shaking the glass in the windows. He reached down and grabbed her by the forearm, yanking her up to her feet as he turned back toward the bedroom, dragging her along behind when her struggling threw her to her knees. She felt the floor moving against her, her long legs flailing as she sought to free herself. He suddenly swung her forward by his grip on her arm and she skidded into the foot of the bed, her shirt-dress riding up to the tops of her pale white stockings. Her lips parted to her panicky breathing and she swallowed hard, her eyes squinting to clear her head. Unconcerned, he removed his jacket, shook it out and tossed it onto the dressing table stool. She thrust herself off the base of the bed, trying for the door again, but he casually extended his leg, tripping her and she sprawled forward on her stomach, the wind going out of her. He looked down at the backs of her long legs and leaned forward, reaching down to grasp her by the back of her neck. She twisted to the side, pressing her hands down against the floor to push up from it and his fingers caught only her necklace, the strands of pearls pulling against her throat for a moment and then breaking, the baubles clattering against the floor, winking with light as they rolled away.

He turned toward her feet and took her legs in his grip, lifting her up from the floor as he straightened. She cried out with a frenzied sob. He raised her against him, her back to him and he hoisted her calves over one shoulder, his arm holding her thighs to his chest and upper stomach. Her head well off the floor, the skirt of her dress slid down, exposing her scalloped-lace garter belt‘s lace ribbon straps, white against the light tan of her lush thighs and the bottoms of her ivory lace panties, the ripe mound of her cunny pressing outward with the arching of her body. She hammered back at his calves and ankles, twisting from the waist, unable to move her legs within his tight grip. With a mocking laugh, he turned them toward the bed and she looked up to see him lower his cigarette. She writhed with fear only to see him extinguish the cigarette in one of her shoes, slowly grinding the flame out within the silk heel.

His hand began opening the buttons of her dress, her face flushed, her breasts‘ tops emphasized. The tiny panties were exposed, her muff shadowing the fragile lace and then the narrow band of her garter belt, two inches between it and the waistband of her panties that just covered her mound. Her abdomen was exposed, the lamplight gleaming from the burnished gold of her pelt. Another button came free and he arched his body back from hers, letting the loosened shirt-dress slide down her body. The skirt fell over her head and arms, the dress catching at the bases of her tits, her body exposed from there to her feet. She grunted in the darkness, twisting as she tried to free herself from the tenting of the cloth, her tightened belly arched forward, her ass cheeks rubbing against his hip. He caught her waist in his free hand and angled her down against the side of his body, moving the twisting of her ripe fanny against his erect cock as he again leaned forward a little.

„Oh yeah, that feels re-eal nice,“ he murmured and she became aware of the hardness her ass was rubbing against. She became still, feeling his big prick against the softness of her backside. Her breathing sounded loud in the closeness of the dress. He released

her waist as he straightened, her stomach pulling against his hand as her ass returned to his hip. She felt his hand rub between her panties and garter belt, his fingers sliding under the belt as he rubbed her soft hair with his palm and heel. The blood going to her head, she felt feverish. His hand slid over her pantied cunny and she jerked to one side, her hands bunching in the hem of her dress as she kept herself from repeating the movement. Chuckling, he pressed his first two fingers into the slight gap between the tops of her thighs just under her cunny and her calves pulled against the back of his shoulder. „Another hole, huh?“ he laughed and pumped his fingers back and forth as fast as he could, feeling her warm flesh and the lace of her panties, his knuckles pushing up to indent the underside of her slit, teasing her nook, defenseless except for the delicate shield of her panties. Pushing the skirt over the base of her chin, she gasped for air, her ears filled with the sound of her blood pounding. His fingers came from between her thighs and she dampened her lips, looking up past the press of her tits toward her upper chest, the cups of her bra cutting into the rich orbs. He slid his forefinger under the edge of her panties‘ leg, the back of his fingernail stroking her mound as it slowly snaked across it. She bit at her lower lip.

„Let me go. Please?“ she pleaded, but his finger continued, his knuckles fitting to the shallow of her cunt. His fingertip rose from the other leg of the panties and then the first two joints stood from it, dark against the ivory lace and her pale gold thigh. He seemed like a giant as he smiled down at her and he tightened his finger, curling it around the crotch of the panties, the fabric bunching toward her furrow, exposing the outsides of her mound as he nuzzled his center knuckle down against her, forcing her lips apart, her juices lubricating the twist of his hard flesh. She struggled in his grip again, letting the skirt cover her mortified expression as she reached out for the base of the bed, her hair spilling toward the floor as she bent her head back. His finger moved roughly, but without hurry, forcing her nerve endings to respond to the chafing. Her fingers clawed at the bed and she got hold of it, pulling desperately to use it for support, her face

flushed. Watching her grope to pull herself up, he pulled his curled finger up from her cunny, loosening the crotch of the panties from her. His finger opened and he tapped it against her dewy slit.

„Eager, ain‘t y‘?“ he laughed softly, taunting her as she struggled to raise up inch by inch, her arms and shoulders aching. „My, but y‘shouldn‘t get yer self inna ... sweat,“ he said with mock sympathy, his other fingers entering her opened panties to rub her secretions between them. „Let me help!“ he said as her fingertips reached the top edge of the mattress and he suddenly took a step forward, tossing her away from him.

She cried out in alarm as she sailed through the air, her head rising toward his calves, as he stepped back, her legs and lower body falling to slam into the mattress and she bounced with the impact, her breath forced from her along with her cry of alarm in a terrified sob. Before she could orient herself and move, he moved forward and over her, kneeling astride her back, pinning her to the bed. Her tits were just over the edge of the mattress, her hair falling forward over her eyes, the skirt of the dress draped against the base of her head. Her breasts had almost come free of her bra, but they now were again pushing against the tops of the cups which pressed into the silky weight of one dome and into the juncture of aureole and nipple at the peak of the other, the hard stud having prevented the breast from having escaped the confine of the lacy bra and now supporting it against the pull of gravity. With an enraged sound, she pushed against the foot of the bed, her legs flailing as she bucked and shoved against the hold of his body.

He gripped the bottom of her panties and shoved them down, her pubic hair lifting with static electricity as the last barrier was pulled from her cunny. „Hey, your snatch looks very good movin‘ like that,“ he noted, looking down as he caught her ankles in his hands, her pubes bobbing and twisting, her slit winking up from the damp gold of her muff. „ ‚Course, all you‘re doin‘ is runnin‘ in place,“ he suggested,

his strong hands tightening around her ankles and he shoved them back toward the bed, bringing the palm of one hand down against her exposed ass cheeks. Her legs came back up, but he slapped them back with his other hand as he continued smacking his palm against the lush cushions. She-groaned at the hot stinging that stabbed through the silky globes from the rapid blows, her buttocks quivering under his hand. With a little whimpering sound, she gripped the bottom of the bed, her shoulders bunching and she forced her legs to remain still, her eyes screwed tightly closed. „Good, sweet thing, good „ he said soothingly, his palm remaining against her fanny and he stroked the flesh that now glowed pinkly. Her features relaxed at the cooling flow of his hand over the tender pillows and her eyes opened damply as his heel rubbed the triangular cleft at the top of her anal cleavage, his joined fingers curving to the deep valley. His hand moved down, continuing to flex and his fingertips stroked the center base of her nether cheeks. Her breathing slowed, deepening as his fingers moved down and under to press into her cunny, caressing the tingling lips, sliding through the sticky moistness until they were completely in her, his palm and heel working against the base of her ass. She squirmed slightly beneath him, swallowing hard as her body began to respond, warmth blossoming through her hive and her clit started to pulse pleasure through her entire body. Her eyes closed again, her hands sliding against the bottom of the bed and then his hand was pulled away from her and she heard his fingers leave her with a wet, popping sound. Her eyes went wide at the sudden termination of her arousal. He moved his wet fingers over her fanny and gripped each side of her panties in his powerful fists, pulling up and out to either side. The fragile lace shredded loudly, her heart beating faster with alarm. He jerked the opened garment loose of her body, tossing it aside. Crossing his forearms, he grasped her thighs and swung himself off of her, turning to thrust one knee between her legs, forcing them apart. Before she realized what was happening, her thoughts already in confusion, he was kneeling between her legs, facing toward her naked and open cunt.

Thunder roared above them, lightning crackling, the boat swaying upon the rough surface of the lake. He pushed her forward, grasping her by the hips and he lifted up behind her, his hands sliding back against the fronts of her thighs. Gripping her legs between his biceps and sides, he reached down below and between her legs. She heard him opening his pants and she knew he was pulling his cock out, the cock that had made such a big bulge against his pants even before it had become erect, the cock that had been so hard against her ass and she wondered just how large it was, how long and thick and whether it would be too large and if it would hurt her, apprehension prickling her flesh. The windows rattled as the thunder boomed out. His hands moved back to her hips and she knew his engorged tool was out, aimed toward her defenseless, displayed slit.

His strong hands pulled her hips back toward him as he arched toward her off his knees and she cried out at the abrupt assault of his ramrod, her underbelly suddenly filled with his great prod, her channel expanded by his bulk. Her breath caught as he buried himself in her recesses, turning her body against his, her ass rubbing his abdomen. Then he was pulling back, pushing her loins away from him until only the big knob of his tool was in her, her nook quivering at the sudden relaxation after being stretched wide. He plunged back into the broiling wetness and out and in and out, in and out, faster and faster, her head bobbing up and down from the bed, her cunt stretching and relaxing, the underside of his huge shaft stroking under her clit, sending vibrations through to it. Her breathing was irregular, her mouth ajar, her hair shifting over her forehead and eyes. In and out and she whimpered, her snatch pulsing faster and faster. The skirt of her shirt-dress fell from behind her head, again enshrouding her in darkness and heat, the blood pounding in her head, her cunt filled with pleasure and pain at the same time, glutted with his massive rod, his head pressing out against her cervix. She sobbed as an orgasm flashed through her, her flesh burning, her mind reeling. In and out, in and out and a second orgasm began to mount, her body tremoring. His hands loosened and she slid forward off the skewer of

his cock, her head falling toward the floor, her brain rocking with vertigo. Then his hands tightened, catching the backs of her knees and pressed her against him, breaking her fall, adrenalin having rushed through her to open her eyes wide, her heart beating fast.

He lifted her straightened body, raising her spread underbody toward his cock and she cried out in surprise and with pleasure as he sheathed his prick in her again, thrusting almost straight down. The floor came back up at her, her slit coming free of his churning prod and then he was lifting her against him, his powerful grip on her legs holding her as his vast member filled her, jamming into her upraised cleave, his big balls slapping against her muff, her clit beginning to pick up its rhythm again, her interrupted orgasm nearing as she rose and fell like a divining rod, his tool driving down into the juncture. She could hear his ragged breathing, could feel her pistoning movement slow as he slowed, his big trunk shaking in the roiling fissure of her cunt, her orgasm almost upon her. He grunted from deep in his chest, clutching her to him, his hands lowering, digging into her ass cheeks as his cock began to spasm in her hive. Her orgasm was closer. His come blasted into her, his prick spasming in her, whipping his spend into a froth. His grip loosened and she felt herself lowering, his tool sliding out of her, his gizzum spewing over her vaginal walls. She groaned as she realized he was coming out of her, that her orgasm was being left behind and his thick brew hosed over her slit and the cleave of her ass. Her head slid against the floor, his spend touching against the bud of her anus as he opened her legs wider. His legs straightened out before him as he sat back and he pulled her up from the floor and between his legs, her gleaming loins approaching his crotch. Lying back, he held her calves against the sides, his feet pressed under her arms, his heels against the outward bulges of her tits as they pulled up onto the edge of the mattress.

She rested her chin against the base of the mattress, the tension of her frustration easing slightly as he recovered, the apprehension returning. She was totally immersed in the role of rape victim. She be-

came aware of his cock as it shifted upon the sheet, snaking down toward the shadowed portals of her sex, hardening, the bulbous head pressing into the wet fissure. Her shoulders stiffened with apprehension. His fingers opened the snaps of her garter belt and slid her white stockings down around her ankles. He sat up, his head pushing deeper into her nook along with the top of his thick shaft and he opened her garter belt, sliding the scalloped lace from beneath her stomach, the metal clasps at the ends of the ribbons of lace flicking over the undersides of her buttocks. She spread her hands against the foot of the bed. He trailed the metal-tipped ribbons between her spread legs, touching the top of his shaft and the opening of her cunt, the valley of her ass and the purse of her anus, his other hand holding her hip until it began to push forward. She blinked, her golden brown eyes widening as she realized he was pushing her over the edge, her breasts popping out from between her and the bed, her slit sliding off the head of his massive tool. With a gasp, she grabbed out, but his hands were at her ankles, pushing her forward, the stockings coming off in them. She pushed her hands against the floor, turning so that she dropped off onto her side, the shirt-dress up around the top of her stomach, her upper leg curved out before her, her exquisite ass thrust up and back toward the bed, the base of her mound showing below the full cheeks. She clutched at the dress, pushing it down and together, her fingers buttoning two buttons, the cloth now around her waist. She pushed herself up with her elbow, hearing him sit up.

„Stand up," he ordered and she looked up as his feet and calves dropped from the bed, seeing that he had returned his cock to his pants and had zipped them up. She felt a strange reaction, as if being denied the right to face an accuser, being denied the sight of the huge prod that had stuffed her cunny, that had shot off in her and over her cunt and ass. „Up!" he snapped, pushing the toe of his shoe between her mound and her ass and she pulled away from him, swallowing hard as she forced herself to stand, her legs feeling unsteady. The buttons she had closed were the bottom two and he

smiled, moving his eyes down the opening that ran from under her breasts to the lower part of her thighs, framing her firm belly, her inner thighs and her muff, his come like trailings of wax in the burnished gold curlings. Seeing his expression of lustful enjoyment, she grabbed the cloth, pulling it over her loins and he laughed as she fumbled a button through“ the eyelet in front of her slit, her stomach and thighs still displayed. „Undress me,“ he told her and she looked up with alarm that was overcome by the threat in his eyes. She forced herself toward him and he leaned back on his elbows, grinning up at her expression as she stared down at the long bulge of his erect prick.

Bracing herself, she lifted her trembling hands to the neck of his floral shirt, her fingers gingerly plucking the buttons free, revealing his broad chest, his plated stomach and there were no more buttons visible above the waistband of his slacks. She knew he was staring down toward her face. She tugged the shirt out, hurriedly finishing with the buttons. She paused, uncertain and then unbuttoned his cuffs, uncovering his wristwatch, its wide leather band fastened with two silver buckles. He sat up and she started as he suddenly came up toward her. Steadying herself, she grasped the front of his shirt to push it back over his shoulders, letting it drop down around his wrists, cautious not to touch his strong body. She stared down at his belt .as if expecting the snakeskin to come to life and strike out at her. She closed her eyes for a moment, feeling dizzy as she leaned over and she slid the belt from its buckle, the clasp of his trousers staring up like a silver eye. She opened it, pinching the cloth between thumb and fingertips, her other hand gripping the tab of his zipper.

Holding the cloth taut, she pulled and yanked the zipper down, the separation of the teeth screeching in her ears. She saw his ebon pubic hair, the base of his shaft and the top of his sac to either side of the trunk that was even thicker than she had imagined. „My shoes,“ he said and she blinked. She turned quickly and he lifted one leg

straight out from the bed between her legs, the calf of his velvet soft pants pressing up between her thighs and against the base of her cunt as she unlaced and removed his shoe and his sock. He raised his other leg alongside her and she leaned to the side to bare the foot. He slid his leg back between hers and pushed his foot up under her dress as it dropped back down in front, the arch rubbing against her slit. Her knees felt weak. Both feet bare, he pushed his legs down, the one foot in the opening of her dress and the bottom buttons popped loose, the skirt again open over her legs. She stumbled forward as the buttons tore away and caught her balance. Lifting again, his bare foot nudged her fanny and she realized that he now wore only his slacks and that the rest of his big cock was to be exposed by her hands.

She turned back toward him and he smiled mockingly up at her, leaning back on his forearms. He raised his legs beside her, the velveteen brushing against her hands. She gripped the cloth and he raised his hips. As if moving in a trance, she stepped back, her grip on the burgundy pants pulling them from him. Her eyes were glazed as the fabric slid down over his hips, along the veined shaft, away from the sac which gripped huge balls, farther down his prick and along his thighs and then the pants snapped free of the hard staff and the swollen head, his cock rising up, an enormous pillar of mahogany flesh. Her breath caught in her throat, her hands stopping as she stared with disbelief, unable to believe that she had been able to take in the thick length of his massive sex, the veins standing out from it, engorged with blood. She moved away from him, her clenched hands pulling his pants from him. He sat up, naked. „Bathe me," he ordered and she looked confused, glancing toward the bathroom. „No, with your mouth, bitch. Tongue bathe me," he commanded. She found herself moving back toward him as if in a fog, back toward the rigid spire of his prick, going down to her knees between his thighs, her dress falling away from her thighs, her face lowering to one of his powerful legs, her tongue extending to tentatively lick his hairy flesh, feeling the muscles ripple beneath. He

smiled, his eyes lidding at the sight of her over his thigh, knee and calf. „And the foot," she heard him say sharply as she began to turn to the other leg. She stared at his foot for a moment, knowing that when she finished with his feet it would mean licking up the other leg, with his loins, balls and prod to follow. „Now!" Her long fingers curled around his foot and her lips brushed softly over the ankles and arch, her tongue curving to the paler inner arch, her lips sucking each. Toe. She moved to his other foot, then up the calf and then the thigh, approaching his towering cock. She stared up at its choking bulk.

„Suck my whang," she heard his deep voice order. Thunder rumbled, peeling into the distance. She looked up toward his face, the lamps flickering and he was silhouetted above her like some dark angel as the light flashed.

„N-no," she stammered, her mouth dry and his eyes narrowed. He grabbed her by the back of the neck, reaching down toward the floor with his other hand and she saw it close around his belt buckle, jerking to snap the snakeskin belt free, its gleaming surface hissing through the loops to coil up into the air. Pinning her shoulders between his strong legs, he reached down to flip the unbuttoned skirt of her dress up and to the side, baring her legs and ass. Her face pressed against the edge of the bed, she gasped as the belt whistled through the air to slap across her offered, defenseless ass cheeks. It then lifted and cut the air again to curve to one buttocks, the tip grazing the inside of her thigh and fell, smacking down the deep cleavage of her ass, the tip curling up under her to sting her slit. He jerked her head up, unpinning her shoulders.

„Suck me off, cunt," he directed, his voice even and she slowly nodded, surrendering. He released her head and she lifted up, her lips brushing against the smoothness of the dark bulb and opened for her tongue to slide over it, her hands caressing his balls. Lightning flashed. She sucked his head in, her lips nuzzling down around his

shaft, stretched by its girth, her tongue licking at his dorsal vein, her mouth filling with him as her fingers stroked his heavy nuts. She made a small, whimpering sound as his knob pressed back against her throat, her cheeks drawn in tight around him, her head beginning to bob on the upper section of his prod. The lamp flashed on and off, lightning cutting the sky. He murmured with pleasure as her mouth and tongue stroked his throbbing tool, the belt slipping from his hand and he cupped the back of her head with both hands, lowering it back as he slid forward. Her eyes opened as she went back and he stretched her out beneath him, his calves along her sides as she continued sucking. He slid his hands into the top of her dress, gripping the thin shoulder straps of her bra and he yanked hard, pulling her shoulders up as the straps tore. She blinked with surprise, her body dropping back and he reached back and between them, his fingers pushing between her breasts and the center of her lacy, silver bra to grip it in his fist, his dark eyes staring into hers, his legs tightening around her sides as he pulled his hand back from beneath him. The bra tore, Felice pulled closer, his cock going deeper and he pulled the ravaged garment out of her dress, tossing it aside as he pulled his gleaming shaft partially free of the suckling tightness of her mouth, moving his legs back. He pressed her hands against the outsides of her lush tits, pushing their silky weights around his cock, the insides of her rosy aureoles revealed in the opened neckline. He began to thrust and she rubbed her breasts around his pumping rod as it plunged in and out of her mouth, her lips skidding around its thickness as her tits stroked the gigantic prod wet with her saliva. She was unable to rise, his column of engorged flesh preventing any cry for help and she realized she was truly at his mercy, his sheer strength forcing her to bend to his will, dominating her. His prick drove in and out of the O of her lips, his knob tapping at her throat as she crushed her tits around his pistoning trunk. Claps of thunder exploded, shaking the room. He gripped her tightly between his knees and grasped her wrists to thrust her arms above her head as he leaned forward, his stiff tool pressing against the roof of her mouth and her upper teeth, forcing her head back, aligning her mouth and throat. The rain broke, clattering against the roof. His staff pushed

deeper, his head sliding into her throat, her gasping breath rustling around it as it sank deeper, sending a chill through his blazing ram-rod, the clash shooting a heightened burst of pleasure through him. Her legs twisting and shoving, she strained for release; his pubic hair curled against her lips as he took her throat, sheathing his long cock in her. The frightening stillness of his tool began to move and she felt relief as he began to rise and fall, her mouth continuing to pull around him, her breathing timed to his movements, inhaling as his head glided onto her tongue, exhaling as it pressed back down. He groaned, his come straining to escape. The-sound of the driving rain filled the room, muting the thunder and their groans. His hands gripped her wrists tighter, his balls slapping under her chin, his body tensing as the blazing poundings of his cock shook his gizzum loose of his nuts, and his prick spasmed, his come roaring through it and he moaned hoarsely as he came. She felt as if she were drowning as his rod jerked within her, hosing his thick juices down into her stomach, the rain pounding against the windows, the lake angrily rocking the houseboat, the sound of the rain connecting in her mind with the shower of his rich brew, the dampness of her slit connecting with the downpour into her belly. He lifted and the geyser of his staff moved into her mouth, coating it with his tangy flavor and then out of her mouth, showering her cheek and temple as he leaned back, stretching out with his spread legs pinning her. His come gleamed in pearl-like droplets in her hair as she lay gasping, exhausted and her head lolled to the side, a trickle of his spend running from the corner of her mouth.

The steady beat of the rain and the sway of the houseboat lulled her already blurred mind, time passing unnoticed. She was half-aware of his moving and she was rolled limply over onto her stomach, his knuckles pressing down into the pliant globes of her ass cheeks as he gripped her dress in each hand. He pulled to the sides and the cloth gave with a ragged sound, tearing down along the cleave of her upturned fanny, baring the silky valley. His hands lifted her almost tenderly as he turned her toward the bed and he dropped her torso

atop it, her cheek against the sheet, her arms out. Her exposed ass was thrust up from the edge and she gasped as he gripped her hips, pleading as the big knob of his again erect prod pressed between her nether cheeks, still damp with her saliva, as it burrowed against the aperture of her anus. She clutched the bed, her mouth straining open as his vast prick slid upward, the fatigue of her body keeping her muscles from tightening, aiding his shifting insertion. She bit the sheet as his hips turned against her backside, his swollen length churning, her bowels quaking with lava-like heat. His steady, unhurried movement rubbed her cunny against the rim of the mattress, stroking her clit and she began to murmur, pleasure rising throughout her. She shifted her tits against the bed, her hips beginning to turn back against him of their own accord. His hands tightened against the bed to either side of her waist, his shoulders bunching as her ass gripped tightly around his bulk, turning her tightened flesh around the broiling meat of his shaft. They both groaned, their excitation mounting rapidly and his prick jumped within her rectum, his hot juices exploding up into her. She cried out desperately, forced to arousal only to be denied release, his prick sliding from her. She whimpered with a sound of mortified humiliation. Her knees dropped to the floor and she felt his hands moving at her ankles, binding them with her discarded stockings. Turning her onto her back, he pushed her up onto the bed, her legs bound to the legs of the bed. Another pair of stockings in his hands, he began to tie one of her wrists, slapping her back as she clawed at his hands, her legs tugging. She struggled feverishly as he overpowered her, tying her other wrist and she was spread-eagled upon the bed, her frenzied curses and pleadings stifled as he jabbed her torn panties into her mouth. Oblivious to her strainings, he went into the bathroom to shower. Despite its opened buttons and its tears, her soiled shirt-dress covered her breasts and cunt, her ass against the bed. Hearing him showering, she gave up the struggle, overpowered and lay waiting for him, anticipating what she would next be subjected to.

The storm raged on and he finally returned, looking refreshed. He applied cologne, whistling to himself and lit a cigarette, smoking it as he watched the storm from a window, ignoring her.

„Well," he mused, rubbing his palm against the top of his stiffening cock, „I've backdoored yer snatch, buggered yer ass and fucked yer tits an' mouth. Guess that ‚bout does it," he shrugged and her eyes widened as he stroked his massive cock fully erect, the tantalizing arousals she had experienced only to have them frustrated, shrieking within her at the prospect of his jerking off, denying her another chance for satisfaction. She watched his dark brown shaft redden, able to imagine his come arching out from the lips of the bulbous head, splashing over her. She groaned, her words muffled by the panties which tasted of both their flavors, nodding desperately toward the veined spire of his prick, her eyes moving from it to his eyes and back and forth, urgent. „What? In yer cunt again?" he asked with a half-smile and she nodded frantically. „From the front, y'mean?" he asked as if not quite understanding, mockingly teasing her as he continued to stroke his shaft and he leaned forward, removing the gag of her panties. „You don't want me fuckin' you again," he said, shaking his head, „Must be all tired out."

„P-please?" she stammered, straining at her bindings.

„Please what?" he smiled, sitting down on the bed, stroking.

„Please put it in me," she pleaded with him, afraid he was going to come.

„Put what in you?" he asked, stretching one leg out on the bed.

„Your-your cock," she blurted out with an anguished expression.

„Well ... I guess,“ he shrugged and freed her wrists, stretching out as she shifted down to work her ankles loose, gasping. „Still,“ he said as she was finishing, „I‘m feelin‘ kind o‘ tired. Maybe after a little rest,“ he smiled pleasantly, leaning his head back into his linked palms, his eyes closing, his cock still standing up erectly.

She stared at him in stunned disbelief, her carnal excitement abruptly frustrated again, freed from her bindings only to be told that her climax was to remain captive till some uncertain time. Shaken, her eyes lidded, she stood from the bed, his come in her cunt, ass, mouth, hair and on her body. She was free to escape his assaults and she edged toward the door. Thunder boomed, softened by the rain. She glanced from him to the door and back. She moved through the doorway, taking the opportunity which she realized had been bait as she heard him rise up with a growl, springing from the bed. She ran for the front door, her heart pounding. He filled the bedroom doorway, blocking the light. Her hands fumbled with the handle. She could hear him approaching. The door came open, jerking free of her hand as the wind-swept rain swung it back against the wall. She ran onto the deck, the houseboat tossing side to side, the wind shoving her to one side, the rain whipping at her. She grabbed the rail for support, her eyes squinted against the storm, her hair soaked against her head, her dress clinging wetly to her body. The lightning flashed as he came toward her. She scratched and kicked as he grappled with her, his naked body wetly reflecting the lightning, her dress transparent against her lush beauty. His nails scraped her shoulder as he grabbed the neckline of her dress. She stumbled back as the buttons below her gleaming tits popped loose and the ones over her rain-slickened muff popped and she spun, the dress pulling away in his hand, both of them now fully naked. The lightning crackled, its light glowing along the hard thrust of his huge erection, the rain flowing down their faces. He grabbed her around the waist, his arm slipping over her wet flesh, their feet slid, their waists hitting the railing and they went over, somersaulting through the air, striking the tossing waters. She grasped out desperately,

shoving upward to break the surface with him, the normally waist deep water splashing up against her tits. She tried to keep on her feet, moving toward the shore, but he pulled her around and his hard cock was jabbing against her belly, seeking her cunny as he lifted her against him. Her fists struck his chest and shoulders without effect, slipping against his muscled body and she gasped. Thunder crashed, echoing in the cove. His huge prick shoved into her pulsing cunny, the turbulence tossing them about, his tool pressing side to side, up and down as it glutted the raging channel of her sex. Her spread legs swung about, his immense length pressing higher. The waves knocked him off his feet and they twisted beneath the surface, his prod plunging fully into her underbelly, a carnal delirium overcoming her, negating the fact that they were being tossed about under the storm-wracked lake. She clutched her arms around him, twisting her burning nipples against his chest, beating her burning loins against the thrusting skewer of his bone as orgasms blazed through her. Her head lifted into the air, but she was only dimly aware of it, her lungs heaving for air on their own as she wrapped her legs around his waist, grinding down around his thickness, his head flattened against her cervix. He staggered into ankle deep water, holding her to him, the throbbings of his cock consuming him in overwhelming raptures. He dropped to his knees, turning onto his side and they writhed in the pounding surf, rolling over and over, his mouth covering hers, their tongues caressing as their hips rolled and beat together, her wet flesh and his sliding, her tits bobbing against him. Her orgasms were quickening, the contractions and expansions of her depths racing back and forth, pistoning faster and faster as the throbbing of his rod beat quicker and quicker, their bodies twitching and bucking, the rain washing over them in sheets, the thunder crashing. Her cunt exploded and imploded, ecstasy flashing through her, her every nerve ending burning, her mouth pulling free of his, her face lifting to the storm as she screamed with release, coming at last, rain flowing into her mouth, seeming like his come which erupted into her vibrating depths, accelerating the shrieking zenith, extending it as his vast tool leapt within her, flooding her. He groaned from deep in his chest, his features twisting as electricity seemed to

run through his spine, his cock‘s poundings overpowering the rest of him, his brain spinning in a maelstrom. Their movements began to slow, their bodies quivering and they lay like beached fish on the shore, mindless of the slackening of the rain, dazed by their culmination.

The storm began to move over them, the surface of the lake gradually quieting as the wind eased. Euphoric smiles on their faces, they lay in the afterglow of their climaxes, blissful. „Looks like you two got things worked out,“ they heard Enid say and looked up from under heavy lids to see her smiling down at them, having walked down from her car. The light mist that was falling hazed her tapered Afro, gleaming on the ripe firmness of her voluptuous breasts, the hard pegs of her nipples standing out from the dusky cocoa of her flesh like mahogany carvings. Smiling at one another, Felice and Bob raised up, each sliding a hand up her full thighs and they drew her down between them, all three laughing as he and Felice began to make love to his wife in their own, talented fashions, the moon coming out from behind the storm clouds as their cries of joy lifted from the cove.

CHAPTER FIVE

Lying back against the raised pillows on the bed, Rick was watching a fencing match on the television set, wearing a pair of cut-off blue jeans. He looked toward the window which ran from the floor almost to“ the ceiling, Lauri sitting before it as she hemmed the cadmium drapes, her face angled toward the glass. He was fascinated at how fast she could tan, considering the natural alabaster of her flesh. The long legs that were curled upon the apricot carpet were the color of golden sand and her hair was lighter. He smiled at the way her white, cotton-terry shorts softly molded to her hips, the seam‘s length of one leg pulled up from the base of a lush ass cheek and at how her supple back showed through the gauzing effect of her T-shirt which was crocheted from lacy string. He inhaled slowly and deeply, feeling his cock shift inside his cut-offs and debated interrupting her work, but decided to wait until she had finished. Pressing his palms down against the deep blue bedspread, he forced himself to concentrate on the fencers‘ thrusts and parries.

Lauri brushed her hair back over her shoulder, the late afternoon sunlight haloing it with gold and noticed someone walking in the general direction of the rear of their house. It was the first time she had seen anyone near their house with its twenty acres, though she had seen gardeners. Shrugging to herself, she went back to putting the hem in the drapes. The blue-rimmed gray of her eyes stood out brightly from her darkening flesh, her eyebrows and lashes lightened by the sun. She shifted and grinned upon seeing the tip of one of her peaked nipples peeking through the crochet of her T-shirt, rosy-pink emerging from mint and she glanced back toward Rick, tempted to show him, but she saw that he was watching the TV. A few moments later, she looked back out the second-story window, wondering if the person had continued toward her.

Lauri grimaced, the needle jabbing into the tip of her forefinger. She recognized the person as Felice. A bead of blood clung to her finger and she slowly raised it to pucker her roseate lips around the spot, sucking the drop away, her eyes intent upon the girl.

It was apparent that Felice was unaware of her and was simply out for a walk, but Lauri felt herself responding irrationally again, feeling threatened, her breathing quickening. She tugged her T-shirt free of her nipple, suddenly self-conscious. Felice continued toward the stone fence separating them which was eyes‘ level with the window.

„Rick?“ Lauri said, her voice tight, her eyes remaining on Felice. „C-come here?“ she asked and he stood with an expression of curiosity.

She turned her side to the window as he approached and raised up onto her knees as he stopped, her hands touching his hips to draw him around in front of her. He looked down at her, seeing her breasts rising and falling through the gauzing of the shirt, her lips parted to a shallow breathing and she unsnapped his cut-offs, her eyes on her hands. She drew the zipper down and he was growing hard before the jeans fell around his ankles. He touched his hands to the bright softness of her hair as she caressed his hips and thighs, her lips brushing his flesh through his pubic hair, her breath warm as she lowered her face to his stiffening shaft. She let her long hair spill over it and rubbed her cheek along its now fully engorged length, her fingertips gliding down between his thighs and his sac, turning inward to flex rhythmically under his balls. Her mouth opened against his trunk, sliding up and down it, her tongue gliding over the tight sheath of flesh, following the relief patterns of his veins. His breathing had become deep, his eyes lidding to the electric flickerings moving through his body, his prick throbbing.

From the corner of her eye, Lauri saw Felice come to a stop as she saw her and Rick framed in the floor length window. Lauri drew her mouth up to his bulbous head, baring the whole of it to the girl‘s eyes

as she extended her tongue to lick the tiny lips of his knob, her fingers cupping his sac out before his thighs. Rick murmured with pleasure, his feet braced against the carpet, his hips arching forward as Lauri‘s lips followed her tongue to the tip of his cock, kissing it lovingly, his flesh warming, his thoughts spinning.

Felice stood watching Lauri draw Rick‘s head into her mouth, his swollen balls tremoring upon her fingers, his big rod thrusting out from his strong body. Her only movement was to turn a filigreed gold ring around her finger with her thumb.

Lauri‘s soft lips nuzzled down along his cock, her tongue lapping at his dorsal vein as she took more and more of his swollen tool into her mouth, her fingers now flowing over his sac, shifting the fine hairs. He swayed slightly, dampening his lips, her hungering mouth filling his prod with a pounding heat, her fingers tremoring his come-loaded balls. His head lolled to the side and through slitted and glazed eyes he saw Felice. He did not recognize her, her eyes staring up at him from behind the big, lavender-tinted lenses of her rimless sunglasses, the sun glowing from her golden hair. His mind half-conscious due to his arousal, to the mounting raptures Lauri was stoking his loins with, he noticed that the girl wore a tunic-blouse with gold and ivory brocading, a string belt holding it against sable slacks of thin-ribbed corduroy, the pile haloed with light over the contours of her shapely legs, dark brown mocassins below the cuffs. He bit at his lower lip, squinting his eyes for a moment, Lauri angling her mouth and throat to let the top of his shaft slide down into her throat, her breath rushing around the bulb of his head, her tongue swirling around his cock. His breathing was ragged. He opened his eyes, on the verge of coming, seeing Felice‘s eyes showing puzzlement at the display before her and appreciation of his tremoring staff as Lauri‘s mouth slid up and down him. Just as he came, he recognized Felice and he groaned from deep in his chest, his spend exploding, Felice smiling warmly at his expression and pleasure. His eyes closed, his

come surging through his rod, blasting into Lauri‘s gulping mouth and throat, the spasms shaking him with ecstasy.

Gradually, the flow of his juices slackened and Lauri helped him lower down to his knees and to his side. She smiled as he lay recovering from the intensity of his release and she glanced outside, surprised to see that Felice had continued on with her walk, her back toward Lauri as she moved away. His eyes flickered open and he looked up at his wife, remembering Felice and Lauri‘s remark about betting that the girl would stop being a lesbian if she knew how good he was and he felt angry, as if Lauri had been using him to show Felice that she was heterosexual. Yet, the anger vanished suddenly, overpowered by his concern for Lauri‘s emotional stability, by the continuance of her anxiety. He drew her to him, kissing her deeply and she clutched his body to hers.

Lauri‘s exhibitionism had disturbed her too, along with her other reactions to Felice and she felt irritation with herself for using their lovemaking. Quiet the rest of the afternoon and evening, she fell into a troubled sleep and soon began to dream: she was standing on the sidewalk of a deserted street -lined with windowless, concrete buildings. It was midnight. Her clothes were Victorian, a long-sleeved organdy blouse with lace inset, a full length skirt of black satin crepe, the smooth satin turned inward toward her legs which were garbed in black opaque stockings gartered at mid-thigh, the fabric smooth against her upper thighs and loins.

She turns her head, a rumbling echoing up from a side street. Her high cuffs are laced trimmed, fastened with three buttons each. The noise becomes a roaring. She turns toward the intersection, light flooding out with the booming which becomes an explosive cacophony. Her collar circles her throat, trimmed with lace. The light brightens, illuminating the anonymous building facing the side street, sending grotesque shadows across it. Her sleeves are full. The light breaks into the street, dividing, glaring beams turning toward her,

searching her out, aiming at her. A thin gold chain is concealed by her high collar, a ruby between it and her throat. The roaring divides with the blinding lights. She casts a long shadow behind. The lights flash past her, attached to blurs, speeding motorcycles and riders. She is afraid. The big bikes brake, turning, tires screeching against paving, lights jabbing back at her, forming a semi-circle before her. Her hands press back against the building. Leather-gloved hands turn, gunning the engines, blasting metallic, bestial sounds between the buildings that multiply in the flat-planed canyon. She presses her hands to her ears, wincing. Suddenly, the headlights shut off, dimming down to flickering filaments, the engines idling. The cyclists face her, straddling their big machines, silent. She realizes they are women. A jet-haired woman sneers at her, huge spheres stretching a black latex bodysuit that molds to her body, a metal-studded slave collar around her neck. A blonde eyes her lasciviously, her tongue sliding over her lips, a black leather bikini tightly circling the delicate mounds of her tits, long pink nipples stabbing out through metal-ringed openings, the bottoms cut out to reveal chestnut ringlets, her plump cunny pressed open against the leather seat, wide-topped leather boots rising to the middle of her thighs, six-inch stiletto heels sparking against the pavement. A violet-eyed brunette, her hair brushed back to fan out around her head, leans from her bike to whisper to the biker next to her, a black woman with mysterious, cat-like eyes. The two glance toward her, laughing mockingly. A pale blonde smiles warmly, wearing a black leather merry-widow that circles her from the tops of her breasts to her waist, wide-linked chains connected to a spiked, matching collar supporting it, similar chains connecting the front opening, two inches of flesh bared between, the chains from the bottom points joining in the woolly mane of her dusky fur, disappearing in the cleave of her cunny as they continue under her to connect to the back of the garment. The woman‘s hair is piled atop her head, spilling in loose ringlets over her forehead, her fingernails painted black, spike-heeled boots clinging up to just under her cunny. The next rider is naked except for high, black leather gloves, silver blonde ringlets framing the sculpted features of her face, gold eyes gleaming, full sensual mouth smirking,

pink nipples pointing out from big, wide-set tits, a full ass shifting against the bike seat, the plump mound of her cunny hairless.

Lauri‘s eyes move toward the seventh rider, but the headlight suddenly comes back on, the woman lost to Lauri‘s squinting eyes. The rider on the other side of the center biker wears a huge, orange Afro wig, her girlish face painted with arabesque patterns emanating from just above the center of her eyes, which are circled with dark mascara flecked with cobalt glitter, long lashes drawn down from the steely gray eyes, her lips lavender, a pancho of bright feathers covering her shoulders, the centers of conical tits showing in the deep neckline, the point of the front triangle pointing down from the undersloping of her torso to the top of her muff which is dyed the same bright orange as her wig. On the eighth bike a big, shapely woman in her early thirties sits staring with regal coldness at Lauri, shoulder length hair spilling like nightfall around her face, the firm melons of her breasts thrusting out from the top of her violet corset and between the straps. Laced up the front with pink ribbon, the garment binds her waist tightly, ending just above her fanny and her cunt, garter straps extending down her big legs where they clip to the tops of her stockings, eight-inch stacked heels on her feet. Facing the woman, her legs wrapped around her waist, sits a girl with an Alice-in-Wonderland quality to her un-made-up face, straight blonde hair falling over a lilac boa to drop to her waist, a large lilac worn in her hair over one temple. She presses the gold haze of her downy mound against the dark floss of the woman‘s, her pink lips suckling one of the woman‘s russet nipples. Contrasting with her innocent appearance, a lavender garter belt circles her forward arching torso, the straps connected to matching stockings which accent her long, slender legs, lame heels with sandal straps on her feet. The woman strokes the girl‘s hair as her big tit quivers from the girl‘s energetic sucking, the girl‘s sweet, arching fanny squirming back upon the gas tank. On the ninth bike a young woman with long, auburn hair sits staring at Lauri, with lustful violence in her smiling face, her sensuous mouth smiling cruelly, frightening Lauri. The woman wears a

black vest, open to expose the rich spheres of her tanned breasts, dark pink, thick nipples standing out erect, black leather driving gloves and black leather pants with zippers running down the sides of the legs to her ankles, spike-heeled boots a part of her pants, the toes pointed. A teenager sits on the tenth bike, staring off with a bored expression, a mane of rippling, light auburn hair spreading downward to her waist, slender braids hanging down before her ears and from under the earpieces of her large lensed sunglasses. Her eyes hidden, her face still has an ethereal quality. But for a long, tye-dyed silk scarf wound around her throat, she is naked to the waist, her pert breasts high and firm, tapering to the long juts of her pink nipples which point out to the sides from paler pink aureoles, her stomach a defined curve narrowing within her slender torso to the rise of her abdomen which is concealed by low-cut jeans belted with chrome discs, the legs cut to the tops of her shapely legs, the calves of which are covered by her tan suede boots. Lauri blinks at the sight of the rider of the eleventh bike. The woman‘s red hair, parted in the middle, falls straight to the middle of her inward sloping back, her flesh is a ginger tan, her torso is slender, her muff is like a flame down the center of her plump cunny, her legs are long and shapely, her throat is slender, her teeth show between her lips. The woman looks enough like Lauri to be her sister, only the greenness of her eyes, the spherical globes of her breasts, and. The definition of her cheekbones markedly different. The woman also wears black opaque stockings gartered at mid-thigh with white-laced elastic like those Lauri wears beneath her skirt and lace-up ankle boots. The woman looks at Lauri, mirroring her expression of apprehensive fear.

Lauri turns her eyes to the woman on the twelfth motorcycle, to the thirteenth woman who is at the center of the semi-circle, obviously their leader. The headlight goes out, revealing the woman to her. A black leather flight cap molding to her head, she wears wide-lensed goggles, light reflecting from them, her slightly wide mouth bemused, the upper lip un-cleft. A wide, silver collar jeweled in deco filigree circles the graceful column of her neck, a wide silver zipper appear-

ing from under it to run along the center of her body to stop under the crotch of her legless, black leather body suit, identical zippers along the outsides of the sleeves disappearing under the silver cuffs that match the collar, black leather gloves appearing from beneath them. A deco necklace hangs down over the press of rounded breasts in silver links with stones of jade and emerald held between them, turquoise pieces mounted in the section above, the links spanning her torso to connect, forming a halter top that exposes black leather instead of flesh. A belt of linked, silver rings hangs loosely from around her slender waist, every other link set with turquoise, loops of thin, silver chains dropping over her hips, heavier loops draping over her crotch, set with emeralds, a ruby set in front of where her clit probably is. She wears tight, mid-thigh black leather boots with spike heels and side zippers like those of her body suit, wide rings at the tops for tabs, silver riding spurs jutting back from the heels, moonlight glinting from them. Silver rings, some with stone settings, glint from her gloved fingers, one connected to the cuff above by a fine, silver mesh that covers the back of her hand. The tops of her thighs quiver deliciously with the vibrations of the big Harley XL-1000 she grips between them. Golden brown eyes stare through lavender lens at Lauri. The woman raises one hand and slips her cap away, baring golden blonde hair that is cut short, pressed down by the cap so that it now grips her head tightly. A chill goes through Lauri. It is Felice.

Lauri presses back against the building, her eyes wide, her mouth dry. „Ladies," Felice says, her purring voice just audible over the idling rumble of the engines and three women dismount to either side of her, cutting their motors off and putting their bike stands down. Lauri‘s hands spread back against the concrete. The women approach her, moonlight gleaming from black leather. They come to the curb and she runs only to have one of the bikes roar forward, jumping onto the sidewalk, braking before her. The six step onto the sidewalk. Big breasts rise and fall, pressing black latex outward. Catlike eyes gleam from a dusky-cocoa face. Chains stretch from leather to

a woolly muff, disappearing within the slit beneath. Lavender lips smile chillingly. Large blue eyes stare out from a face of innocence. A hand stretches in a driving glove, the fingers stiffly spread like claws. A tye-dyed scarf drifts in the air. Suddenly the women move toward her, hands grabbing out for her. Lauri whirls to flee. A leather bound hand grabs the back of her blouse. Her calf strikes an out-stretched foot. She pitches forward, her blouse splitting open down the center of her back from the base of the high collar to the waist-band of her skirt. The sound rends the air. She sprawls forward on the sidewalk.

No one grabs her and she slowly turns her head to look back over her shoulder, raising up on her forearms. Felice unfastens the bull whip hanging from one hip and it uncurls, its nine-foot length snaking out on the pavement toward Lauri. She pushes herself up from the sidewalk, the six moving toward her. Felice laughs contemptuously. Lauri runs from them. Felice‘s hand rises, light gleaming from cuff and rings. The whip flashes through the air and snaps sharply against Lauri‘s skirt, opening it cleanly from under the waistband down to the base of her ass‘ cleavage. Lauri spins around, anger suddenly rising. One leg straight down from the bike, Felice curls the other atop it, her arm hanging loosely from her side. The tendon at the inside of her thigh lifts between black leather. The whip cracks three times and the buttons at the side of Lauri‘s skirt fly away, the satin crepe slowly sliding down around her ankles.

Lauri staggers free of the ring of cloth, naked between the tops of her black cotton stockings and the bottom of her blouse, her pubic plume bright. Her ankle high shoes have three-inch platform soles and six-inch high stacked heels that make it difficult for her to move away. „Hold her,“ Felice directs and the six women come at her again. She slaps out and blonde coils spill. Leather encased fingers dig into her arms. She drives her knee up into a jeaned crotch. The girl with the auburn mane doubles over. Fingers claw into the front of her blouse, ripping it open down the front, only the collar holding it

together now. Her fingernails rake a diminutive breast with a long, tongue pink nipple and the Alice-like girl cries out. A leather palm slams into the side of her face, reeling her. She kicks out blindly, her platform driving into a leather-encased leg. The mean-eyed girl with the vest topples with a shriek. Dusky brown fingers indent her tit, clutching. She is panting, her hair whipping about. Hands hold her arms out from her body, twisting them to force her forward onto her toes, her knees jutting out, other hands grabbing her ankles. She reaches out, bright feathers flying out, but she cannot get free; she only tears the serape of the woman in the orange Afro. She is helpless, a prisoner.

Felice removes her goggles, the strap pulling through her hair to fluff it out. She smiles as the others move Lauri into the pool of light beneath a street light. She steps off her chopper, the engine off. „Remove my jewels," she directs, legs akimbo, arms out from her sides, the bull whip still in her hand, her eyes on Lauri's damp eyes. Her shoulders aching from the position she is held in, Lauri watches the violet-eyed brunette and the big woman whose breast the girl had sucked, move forward, the brunette wearing a starched khaki shirt that snaps under the crotch, a black tie and pearl-gray suede boots. They stand to either side of Felice and remove her jewelry with synchronized movements as if performing a ritual. The necklace, belt, cuffs and collar off, Felice moves toward Lauri with slow, feline strides. The zipper tabs at her throat and wrist are silver rings. Lauri can feel the cool night air against her bared back. Her head lifts as Felice nears her, her neck straining to look up at the petite girl who now seems amazonian.

„Very pretty," Felice whispers slowly, reaching out to drift her gloved hand over the side of Lauri's face, pushing her hair back. Lauri pulls her face to the side, wincing. Felice makes a tsking sound and suddenly slaps Lauri across the face, the leather stinging her cheek, her hair whipping out. „Ah, yes," Felice smiles, mindless of the tears shimmering at the rims of Lauri's eyes, staring down at her boot

which is below Lauri, Lauri‘s opened slit reflected in the shiny leather. Abruptly, Felice reaches out, tearing Lauri‘s blouse loose of the collar on either side, the blouse now hanging down to the sides of her tear-drop breasts. The collar hides the ruby at Lauri‘s throat. Felice raises the whip, her fingers curled around the thick handle and she lets the loose length drift over Lauri‘s cheek, over her lush, vulnerable tits, over her rosy nipples‘ upturned peaks, over her stretched belly and through the soft hair of her muff. Lauri tensing, squirming with small sobbings in an attempt to escape contact with the braided leather. „Say, I know what you like,“ Felice chuckles and she reaches down. Lauri gasps as the base of the handle turns within her slit, moving upward. She pulls and twists, vainly struggling, the thick length moving within her underbelly and she cries out, coming, her body quivering. As her mind swims, the remnants of her blouse are removed, the ruby revealed, the platforms, stockings and garters taken off, her arms moved back to join her wrists, the end of the whip being tied around them. Her legs straightened, Lauri looks down through glazed eyes, confused to see what appears to be a cock stretching out from her pubic foliage. She blinks. It is the handle of the whip being thrust through, her hands bound behind her. „This is so you can keep enjoying,“ Felice smiles mockingly, stepping around to draw the length of the whip through, Lauri‘s shoulders going back as her hands are pulled down between her widening ass cheeks. Mannequins look out from a display window, coming to life. Faceless, they seem somehow familiar to Lauri and she realizes that they are dressed like the people at Rick‘s business luncheon. Their derisive laughter washes over her, joined by that of Felice‘s motorcycle gang. „You like sucking it, don‘t you?“ Felice grins, one hand holding the whip taut before Lauri‘s stomach, the other pressing the base of the handle to her lips, her own juices gleaming on it. Unable to escape the pressure, she closes her eyes, imagining it is a penis that slides into her mouth, pretending it is Rick‘s, licking at the underside. It leaves her mouth and she opens her eyes as it rubs along her slit, pressing the other end of the whip up into her damp nook. „Um, very sweet,“ Felice nods, sliding her long tongue along the handle now coated with Lauri‘s saliva and spendings, „but-“ and she

suddenly tosses the handle up into the air and Lauri looks up to see the bull whip loop over the horizontal bar of the street light and it drops back down behind her, one of the six catching it, pulling it taut. Her hands are pulled lower, the leather sliding tightly between her pubes and she is hoisted up onto the balls of her feet to keep her balance, realizing that if she is pulled forward off them, she will be flipped over.

„Remove my leathers," Felice directs and the girl in the cut-out bikini and the silver-blonde with the hairless cunny step forward to her sides, unzip the sleeves and now join their fingers around the ring at Felice's throat, drawing it slowly downward, opening the wide, silver zipper to the base of her slit. They peel the leather from her, going to one knee on either side to slip it from her booted feet. Felice is now clothed only in her mid-thigh boots which are like second skins around her long legs, their shapeliness accented by the spike heels and a maillot of the thinnest cotton, the straps thin, the neckline scooped to between her breasts, a three-button extension below. The hips are cut to the tops of her lush hips, the V of the crotch snapping across the base of her stomach. The rosy pearls of her nipples with their damask aureoles show through the stretched fabric, while the high, filled-in Y of her muff is molded to it. The burnished gold is palely blurred as are her nipples and flesh. The maillot contains rather than conceals.

The two women pivot to grasp Lauri's ankles and stand, spreading her legs out parallel to the sidewalk, her torso curving down, her hair drifting over the concrete as they turn her around to look up at Felice, the lamplight coming from over one of the girl's shoulders, her intense face shadowed, lowered to stare into Lauri's upside down face, her gold hair haloed. Her shoulders back, hands on hips, her weight is on one leg, the other turned to the side, the inside of her supple thigh's contours emphasized. The textured mound of her gauzed muff is before Lauri's flushed face. „Eat me," Felice directs. „Never," is Lauri's answer. „Prefer one style, ay?" Felice nods, unper-

turbed and there is a metallic sound from the edge of the walk. The big nozzle of a fire hydrant is opened, Felice‘s spread legs being turned toward it and the water jets out, splashing over her loins, washing over her open cunt as she is lowered to her feet. She cries out, the geyserlike stream frothing in her tremoring nook, swirling around her pulsing clit. Her toes move over the sidewalk as the pressure of the water spins her, the water beating against her hips and the ripe cushions of her ass cheeks as well as her hive. She spins faster, the whip twisting between the light post‘s horizontal bar and her cunny, the slick leather rubbing within her cleave. She screams, her depths contracting and expanding and she comes, her senses blurred, the edge between pain and pleasure hazy. The water drops from her, moving back toward the hydrant as it is turned off and there is silence again. The leather squeaks and the taut whip begins to unwind, turning Lauri. She spins faster and faster. The faces of the women are blurs, her hair whipping out around her. Vertigo consumes her equilibrium, her body tilting back, her cunt throbbing around the quivering leather. The spinning slows and turns her back in the opposite direction, back and forth until she sways drunkenly, everything tilting and spinning. She squeezes her eyes shut, trying to regain her balance. She opens her eyes to see a manhole cover silently explode from the street, falling with a crash to wobble down against the pavement, a head rising from the manhole. It is Rick, ascending as if upon an elevator platform. He is naked. His hands are cuffed before him, a thick pole between the insides of his elbows and his back. The big-breasted woman in the black latex bodysuit takes his cock in her hand, leading him forward by her grip upon its thick length. „The way you enjoy giving him head on display,“ Felice muses, „there must be something to it.“ The raven-haired woman turns, going to one knee and opens her hand to slide his cock into her mouth. Hearing the wet sounds of sucking, Lauri feels sorrow at somehow having caused Rick to be bound and used. But he groans, pleasure on his face and she feels jealous anger as he shakes with a climax. The woman steps back, Lauri seeing his thick come jetting into her open mouth. The woman with the painted face kneels before him, his cock still erect, the veins standing out from its engorged bulk and she licks

his gizzum from the lips of his bulbous head before taking him fully into her mouth and throat. He sways, crying out again. The blonde girl nibbles as she sucks and he comes again, retaining his erection. The girl with the electric mane of light auburn hair fondles his balls as she sucks him off. The black woman bobs her finger in his anus as she gives him head. The woman with the smooth pubes tongue kisses around his staff with the violet-eyed woman in the starched military shirt, his juices streaming out through the air to splash over Lauri‘s belly, running down into her muff. The woman in the leather bikini eats him, her fingernails scraping over his stomach. The corseted woman with the boa sucks his balls into her mouth, her fingers stroking his trunk, his spunk splattering over‘ his wife‘s breasts, sliding down to drip from the points of the lush teardrops. The woman with the driving gloves squats to stroke his prick between her tanned breasts, her open mouth above his head to catch his gushing spunk. He had come with each of the ten women but was still erect, his eyes glazed“ a drugged smile on his face. The last woman turns to Lauri, extending her tongue to lick his come over Lauri‘s lips. Flinching back, Lauri sees the eleventh woman, the woman who looks much like her, stretched back atop one of the bikes, her calves tied to the raised handlebars, her arms stretched down alongside the back wheel, tied with a leather strap held beneath the tire. Rick climbs up atop the woman, calling her „Lauri“ as he slides his cock into her exposed cunny. Lauri can see his prick sink into the gleaming pink cleave via the bike‘s rear view mirrors. Lauri whimpers, her shoulders shaking. The redhead writhes, crying out with ecstasy as she comes, Rick‘s tool spasming his juices into her recesses. Lauri‘s head bows, her chin touching her chest, a tear trailing down her cheek. Rick stands before Lauri, his hard cock below her eyes, the other woman‘s juices gleaming upon it. Felice‘s hand reaches into view and she slowly draws her fingertip along the top of his shaft. Gizzum erupts from his head, fountaining up, globuals arching through the air, pearl droplets smashing into her flesh. His prick begins to soften, Felice‘s touch accomplishing what the other eleven failed to do. Only the woman in the black leather merry-widow with the chains looped up under her loins has not joined him. Smiling, she

presses a gloved palm to the small of Lauri‘s back and leans forward to lick Rick‘s spend from Lauri‘s lips and body, the shaken Lauri making no protest, submitting to the flow of the velvet soft tongue, to the arousal of her body. „Now, it‘s your turn,“ Lauri hears Felice say, „but let‘s finish cleaning you up,“ and Lauri staggers as the whip goes slack, dropping down from the street light‘s post-, remaining in her slit for a moment before dropping between her legs, the tension removed from her arms and shoulders. She is stretched out alongside the curb. A huge street cleaning machine rumbles toward her, spraying water over her in jetting streams, its big brushes turning over her. Back on her feet, she spreads her legs without being told. „No, it‘s your turn to eat,“ Felice chuckles and the women line up single file before her as she is pushed down to her knees, her wrists still bound behind her. The woman who tongue-bathed her presses her cunt to Lauri‘s face, her nook opening and Lauri sees the silver chains from the points of the merry-widow join to a single ring that circles her clit, pushing it forward, a single chain continuing down and under, blocking her nook. The woman rubs her cleave over Lauri‘s closed lips, using the hardness of the teeth behind them to rub her clit against, her juices coating Lauri‘s cheeks, nose and chin. The woman shudders with a moan and stumbles aside for the black woman to replace her. The cushiony fur opens and the cerise furrow envelops Lauri‘s mouth, gently turning, rubbing the damp sleekness against her lips, her hands cupping Lauri‘s head, stroking her hair. Feeling physically exhausted, Lauri lets her eyes close, her jaws relaxing on their own and her lips part, the oscillation of the woman‘s cunny flexing them. Her nostrils are filled with the mixture of the two women‘s scents and she tastes their flavors with absent curiosity, Rick‘s come still clinging to her body in an aromatic patina. Her tongue moves and the woman cries out ecstatically, due as much to Lauri‘s act as to the contact. The warm body and caressing hands depart and Lauri‘s eyelids part to see a plump mound hazed with golden down. It is the Alice-like girl, her body arching forward, her long and slender legs parting. Her waist-length blonde hair spills over the light swells of her budding breasts, curtaining her curved belly with softness. Lauri tastes the carnation pink cove as the full

portals open, the wisps of gold unweaving. She presses her tongue deep, the girl‘s dewy fluids sweet to her palate, her aroma subtly musky. Lauri burrows her face into the invitation of the girl‘s sex, her bound hands seeking to rise from the small of her back, her ass shifting above the heels of her feet. The girl whimpers with pleasure, Lauri‘s soft lips circling the bud of her clit. The girl comes and Lauri‘s eyes open wide. Aghast, she sees the girl move aside. I Her mind spins with confusion, belief and action, fear I and desire clashing, banishing reason with fear. The woman with the cut-out leather bikini steps forward, the dusky ringlets of her muff framed by the bottoms. „No!“ Lauri screams out, unable to bear the turmoil within her mind and body and she pushes up to her feet, blindly running down the sidewalk, the whip and handle trailing back from where the leather holds her wrists together. There is a door ahead of her, a swinging door. She pushes against it desperately and it opens inward, admitting her. She looks around, stunned to find herself in the airport terminal, the speakers calling out flight information. Conversations die away, the movement of baggage comes to a standstill, all of the faces in the crowded lobby turning toward her. The faces have only eyes, eyes that move over her naked body, examining the syrupy wetness of her face, the film of come upon her naked body, the whip trailing behind her. Nostrils flex, confirming suspicions that she has been eating the cunts of other women, has been bathed with male come. She squirms, unable to cover her nakedness, only able to hold her legs together, blushing with shame. „Lauri is in the main lobby,“ a voice crackles through the speakers, „naked and available for fucking and sucking, male or female,“ the voice announces, echoing through the terminal, sounds of work and conversation dying away, more people moving toward the lobby, cocks and cunts being bared for her to attend to. Suddenly, the roar of motorcycles blasts through the building, eyes-turning toward the slanted corridor leading to the entrance gates and the crowd moves away from the entrance. Bikes zoom forth, jumping from the slant to land in the center of the lobby, turning as they brake. Eleven cycles circle Lauri, the twelve riders looking back toward the corridor. Felice‘s jet-black chopper flashes through the entrance, arching down straight for Lauri who

stands transfixed. The front of the bike lifts and Felice sets it down, the rear tire screaming against the floor. She sets the cycle on its stand, cutting the engine off. The foremost part of the bike is half an inch from Lauri‘s thighs.

Felice is naked but for her boots and gloves, the maillot discarded. Her shoulders back, her arms are straightened, her leather-garbed hands gripping the handlebars, her torso curved back to where the silky, widening ovals of her ass cheeks press against the grained leather of the seat, her statuesque thighs spread wide around the machine, her calves back on the foot braces. Her head is held high and back as she moves her eyes contemptuously over the crowd. Silence, but for the idling of the other cycles. She glances toward the corseted woman and she moves her bike to the center, the woman who resembles Lauri riding with her instead of the blonde girl, seated before her. She halts the bike, putting the stand down. The redhead grips the front of the gas tank, her forearms upon it and she lifts her body on straightening legs until her torso is horizontal. The big woman straightens, her naked loins lifting to reveal the jut of an immense dildo. The eyes of the crowd widen as she lubricates it in the redhead‘s slit. She presses her hips forward and the phallus disappears in the woman‘s pink anus, collared by snowy down like Lauri‘s is. The redhead is oblivious to the observers and twists her lush fanny back upon the big dildo and comes with a strangled groan of bliss. The prod still in the redhead, she and the brunette sit back down. There is an undercurrent of arousal. The big woman stretches back upon the bike, her arms going back to grip the rear light, her widened thighs angled down, her calves back, the dildo visible between her dark nest and the other woman‘s lush ass. The redhead takes hold of the handlebars, guns the engine and the cycle jumps forward off its stand, her ass bouncing upon the phallus and they return to their original position. The crowd is still, silent, exposed cocks rock hard, exposed cunts damp. With a short laugh, Felice extends one hand toward Lauri. Her knees bending, Lauri reaches down and lifts the handle of the whip and blinks as she straightens, realizing

what she is doing, but she still turns to place the whip in Felice‘s hand, the other end still binding her. Felice‘s hand moves side to side as if saying no and Lauri turns back toward her, letting the handle down while she holds onto the whip. She swings the heavy end of the bull whip and the handle rises up from between her thighs in front of her, Felice‘s hand catching it without her looking toward Lauri. Felice puts up the stand and her cycle turns to one of the corridors leading from the side of the lobby. The other bikes move to follow, the faceless crowd parting. As Felice picks up speed, the length of the whip straightens out between her hand and Lauri, pulling up against the base of her fanny and her slit, Lauri moving from a fast walk to a trot and then to a slow run in order not to be pulled forward off her feet. Her cunny beginning to pulse at the chafe of the leather, her confusion begins to return. „Lauri is moving through the east corridor,“ the voice over the speaker announces, „wanting cock. Lauri wants cocks, prongs, pricks, prods, rods, dongs, wangs, dicks, tools, members, ramrods, broadswords, pokers, pistons and bones,“ the voice sings. The corridor is -lined to either side with men and their exposed erections spasm as if in response, their come exploding as Lauri passes, raining down over her, bathing her hair and flesh with warm translucent.

She slows, coming to a halt behind Felice‘s bike, pearly droplets spilling from her. Physical exhaustion lulls her. Her eyes come open wide, a rod thrusting up between her gizzum-coated buttocks to fill her rectum. She leans forward, her loins pressing against the back of Felice‘s bike as her bowels tremble with quaking heat. The shaft draws back out of her, the whip coming loose of her wrists. A gloved hand grasps her shoulder, turning her. A prick juts out long and hard from Felice‘s golden loins. It was she buggering Lauri and she who untied her. Felice raises the whip, snaking its dark length out in the air and it cracks like lightning, the light dimming. She snaps it again and electricity shimmers along its length. Wind sweeps through the building, thunder peeling. The veins stand out from Felice‘s enormous, engorged cock, heavy balls swinging beneath it as she moves

forward, sinking it between Lauri‘s opening legs, between the wet curlings of red hair, Lauri‘s ass pressing back against the bike, Felice‘s long, booted legs angling forward, her ass rising and falling. „Lauri wants cock, Lauri wants cock,“ the speaker repeats over and over, Felice moving in and out with the rhythm of the words. Lauri‘s body throbs with ecstasy, her mind spinning. Her eyes close and she is suddenly falling. She opens her eyes as a conveyor belt drops her through a chute. She slides downward and out through a swinging panel onto the revolving luggage platform of the terminal. Her hands and feet are all bound together behind her, arching her body forward from knees to shoulders and she falls on her side, her trembling cunny jutting out over the edge of the platform which is circled by faces pressed side to side, the mouths opening against her cleave as it passes, tongues licking, her nook in constant contact with male and female mouths and tongues. The platform begins to move faster and faster, an erotic carousel, the pauses between mouths disappearing until one multitongued mouth feasts within her quaking snatch, a powerful climax swelling within her, all the events since the cycles appeared on the street joining their arousals. She gasps and the mouths are gone, the platform slowing to a halt. She opens panic-stricken eyes to see that the terminal is deserted, only Felice‘s cycle remaining, her hands and feet no longer bound.

Trembling with frustration, Lauri slowly sits up, dropping her feet to the floor. She takes a deep, quavering breath, trying to get hold of herself. Gritting her teeth, her eyes closed, she swallows hard, her dizziness receding. Exhaling, she wearily stands. In a daze, she wanders forward and pauses beside the big chopper, its motor idling. The gas tank and seat are now gone or hidden, a fiber glass body sculpted atop the bike. It is in the form of a woman stretched out upon her back, arms at sides. It is a sculpture of Felice. Blinking her eyes up from the fiber glass replica of Felice, Lauri glances around, seeing that the terminal is still empty. Hesitantly, she extends her hand, touching the face, the mouth and starts to touch the round nipple of one reflective breast. She glances around again, her fingers

trembling and she slowly caresses the supine breast. Her hair spills over the flesh colored form and her lips brush the pearl of the nipple, her hand curving to the rounded swell of the breast which trembles with the vibration of the bikes engine, warm to her touch. Lauri‘s eyes close and her other hand strokes the other side of the torso, her breathing deepening. One leg lifts and she mounts the cycle, stretching out upon it, her loins in the saddle of the statue‘s hips. She suckles and licks the breast, rubbing her spread cunny against the figure‘s, the pulse beginning to quicken again within her underbelly. Her ass cheeks twist and bob, her clit rubbing against the golden fur, her hands kneading the breasts as her face lifts, her expression rapturous. She groans, orgasms soaring through her. She turns around, sliding her cunny back up toward the rounded breasts, her mouth lowering toward the gleaming curlings, her throbbing nook rubbing the mouth of the figure. She presses her tongue into the burnished gold pelt, the engine quickening and the vibrations with it. She is half-aware that it is no longer a statue of Felice beneath her, but Felice herself. She shivers, licking and sucking into the girls ripe cunt, her slit rubbing over Felice‘s chin and mouth. The engine of the bike roars, blasting echoes through the silent emptiness of the terminal. Lauri‘s heart beats faster and faster, her ears ringing, her lungs heaving, every nerve ending of her body tingling, her depths contracting and expanding, her apex pulsing into a shrieking blur. She moans, her body writhing, her mind reeling in the maelstrom of joy, the aborted climax reborn, its power multiplied. Her cunny explodes and implodes and she clutches Felice, screaming up into her depths, release blazing through her, white light flashing behind her closed eyelids. Then the contractions are gone, left behind in the soaring expansion of ecstasy, her mind and body one, bliss flowing through her. Dimly, she is aware that the other bikers, the terminal crowd and the luncheon figures from the display window are around them, applauding and she parts her eyelashes to see that they all now have faces, faces that smile for her as she lies with Felice, her flavor rich in her mouth.

Lauri sat up with a short, low cry, her eyes opening wide as she awoke from her dream. Trembling, she crossed her arms, grasping herself, shaking as she recalled what she had dreamt and that she had come. Her eyes squinting with anxiety, Lauri was shaken and confused and deeply troubled.

Her movements and cry having awakened him, Rick lay silently beside her, looking up from behind her, also deeply troubled, but also determined to somehow alleviate her emotional turmoil.

CHAPTER SIX

Finding Lauri tense the next morning, Rick tried to talk with her, but she was uncommunicative. Spending the morning in thought, he took the rest of the day off from work, going to Clarise‘s to explain the situation to Felice, pleasantly surprised by her warm and understanding concern, despite the fact that she had actually done nothing more than look at Lauri at the airport. Agreeing to explain that she meant Lauri no harm, Felice accompanied him in returning to his and Lauri‘s house. There, they found that Lauri had gone out. Feeling awkward, Rick offered to take Felice home, but she declined, suggesting that Lauri would probably be returning soon.

„I really appreciate your coming over,“ Rick said as he poured wine for them, Felice sitting back on the long, living room sofa. He handed her glass to her and she extended her long, tapered fingers to take it, a spiraled golden bracelet gleaming around her wrist and lower forearm, the cuffs of her small-checked gingham shirt folded up to just under her elbows.

„Well, the idea of somehow causing Lauri to be so upset, no matter how indirectly, isn‘t all that appealing,“ she replied as he sat down, turning to face toward her, her eyes holding for a moment on the juncture of his sienna sweater and slate colored slacks.

„Yeah,“ he nodded, suddenly recalling how Felice had looked up at his cock as Lauri had given him head and he took a sip of wine.

„You seem surprisingly un-uptight about me, about me and women,“ Felice observed, stretching her long legs out, her fawn denim pants tightening at the crotch and thighs as she crossed her ankles, low-

heeled, short cardigan boots on her feet. She turned her face toward him.

„I guess," he shrugged. „Like with most men, the idea of two women together's a turn on and ... I decided early on that there's a hell of a lot more women in this world than I could ever possibly ball, so why sweat it if a woman doesn't get off on me because I'm a man? I mean, it's a lot less personal rejection than if she doesn't get off on me myself," he grinned. „Percentage wise, lesbians've dealt as fair with me as anyone else," he added and took another drink.

„With me, it's always personal," she smiled.

„Pardon?" he asked, looking up from his glass.

„Being turned on or off, male or female," she said, recalling looking up at his and Lauri's window, his prick gleaming as Lauri's mouth had raced up and down, circling its thickness.

„You're bisexual, then?" he asked, remembering her warm smile as he had come.

„Bi-, ambi-, poly, or whatever the label is this season," she chuckled, „Sexual," she said, her golden-brown eyes sparkling.

He hesitated, uncertain due to the situation and their location. His prick began to harden within his pants, his heart beat quickening.

„Ah," she smiled and reached out to slide her fingernails over the long mound his stiffening shaft made under his slacks. „I never did get to see your head clearly the other day. Think we've got time?" she asked softly, her lips curling in an elfin smile, mischievous eyes lifting, her tapered shirt crisply suggesting the slim breadth of her

slender-waisted torso, the neckline curving out as she leaned forward, the insides of her wide-set, lush breasts showing.

His uncertainty was lost in the tides of heat that flowed through his body from her caressing touch. He slid her glass from her hand, setting it aside, her hands moving up his hips, lifting his caslimere sweater from over his pants, baring his firm stomach. He leaned forward and her soft, damask lips opened against his as his spread hands moved up her back from her waist, her flesh warm through the fabric, her body supple. The pouted fullness of her lower lip shifted over his as he slid his tongue up under the feline furl of her upper lip, licking between its damp sleekness and her pearly teeth. Her hands squeezed his sides as they moved up and down him. The exotic blend of her perfume and her own scent filled his nostrils and he stretched his tongue into her mouth, their lips pressing together. Small blue and white checks bunched as his hand gripped the back of her shirt, pulling it free of her pants. The backs of her fingers and hands slid over his stomach, the tapering length of her tongue sliding into his mouth to stroke his tongue. He murmured with surprise at how long the soft, serpentine tongue was and with pleasure at its velvet curlings. He slid his hand and forearm up under her fitted shirt, her flesh soft. Their heads turned to opposite sides, their mouths widening, fused around the rustle of their breaths, their tongues writhing in a sensuous dance within the humid cavern their mouths formed. Her fingers curled down between his pants and his abdomen, stretching and moving side to side over his feverish flesh, his cock throbbing just below their tips, straining against his slacks. His other hand cupped her shoulder, squeezing firmly and he moved it over her firm pectoral to the outer top of her tit, caressing the rounded dome of her luxuriant breast which rose and fell with her deepened breathing. The hardened pearl of her nipple gouged out against his palm through the shirt as he cupped her tit in his hand. Her fingers unbuckled his belt and tugged the snap of his pants loose. He popped the snaps of her shirt open down to the middle of her contoured belly and slid his hand inside, her flesh satin-soft to

his touch, the swollen lushness of one globe turning against his hand, the round nub digging into the center of his palm. His other hand left her back to open the remaining snaps, her fingers tugging his zipper downward. They murmured breathlessly around the undulations of their tongues, his hands holding either side of her open shirt front to draw it back from the creamy-gold of her body, uncovering her ripe breasts with their slight outward curvings at their inner bases, her rosy-pink nipples standing out like pale rubies. Her knuckles brushed the base of his swollen shaft, the tab of his zipper down to the bottom of his opened pants. He slid her shirt off the rounded points of her shoulders and down her arms, the gentle definition of her collarbones accented as she brought her arms back to aid him. The checked gingham furled around her fanny and hips, her hands lifting to raise his V-necked sweater up over his head and off his arms, his stomach curling as he stretched his arms out. He kicked his canvas deck shoes aside, his arms going around her and he lowered his lips to the definition of the upper curve of one of her rounded tits. She slid her fingers through his hair, cupping the back of his head as his lips and tongue excited the fluttering, near aching pleasure filling her. She leaned her head back, eyes closed and murmured with a happy smile as he circled the damask disc of her aureole, her arms straightening as she slid her hands down his strong back. The spans between the tips of thumbs and index fingers curving to the undersides of her tits, he turned the flat of his tongue around her soft aureole, the tip chafing the sides of the pink bauble of her nipple. She leaned back, lifting her hips up against him as his hands slid down her stomach, the heels joined so that he could encase the narrow rise of her belly, following its silky pliancy down to the waistband of her pants, his thumbs pointing up to where they nuzzled in the deep slot of her navel, rubbing the dimpled rise of soft flesh. His lips closed around the delectable bud of her nipple, his tongue washing over it. She drew her inside leg back to her side, sliding it forward around his side, her other leg lifting from the floor and she rubbed her heels against the tops of his buttocks, her hands sliding up to his shoulders as she leaned back from the waist with a murmur of pleasure, her thighs gripping his hips as he slipped the

metal-tipped end of her wide, leather belt from its heavy brass buckle. His mouth expanded, sucking softly, drawing her breast inward, his tongue painting her nipple with filigreed pleasure. The metal tongue slipped free of its belt hole and he held the ends of the belt in both hands, drawing it back and forth through the loops of her slacks. Her nails skidding over his shoulders, she arched her body forward, pressing her tit farther into his mouth, her opened lips pulling through his hair, his grip on the belt holding her up so that she could curl her arms around his head, her fingers following the contours of his ears. She shivered, liquid heat rippling through her, her legs tightening. She lowered her arms between them, sliding the rises of her wrists down his chest. He pulled his cheeks in around the succulence of her breast, the pliant softness against his palate and the underside of his tongue. She kneaded his stomach in her hands, moving down toward the exposed base of his throbbing sex. Her joined fingertips pressed into his pants, slipping between his thighs and his large balls, grazing the fine hairs of his scrotum, sending electric quiverings through the swollen eggs of his testicles. He began to pull his face back from her, maintaining the suction of his mouth, the flow of his tongue, his ears filled with an oceanic roaring as she fondled his balls, churning the hot come filling them, sending throbbings through his root as the swollen ovals rubbed together around the thickness of it, the sensations moving upward into his cock, waves of carnal energy spreading out through his body, racing his blood. She pressed her heels to either side of his shaft, kneading its veined thickness as she fingered his sac, a gasp parting her lips as her breast squeezed free of his tightening mouth, her nipple popping loose. With a low, extended groan, she lowered her face, her hands lifting his and the liquid length of her tongue snaked deep into his mouth, her lips moving hungrily, her hands pressing up for her fingers to garb themselves in his hair. He released the end of her belt, his other hand removing it as he unclasped and unzipped her slacks. They murmured and groaned into the shared mouth theirs formed, their tongues lashing and writhing together. She slid her calves out from his back, lifting her hips so that he could lower her pants from her hips. He pulled farther up on the couch, turning his

legs back from her and their mouths parted, each leaning toward the other to lower their pants. The cloth slid from his buttocks and down along the press of his cock, lightly chafing the stretched flesh of his shaft and the hypersensitive bulb of his head. He worked her fawn colored pants below the tops of her thighs and down her long legs. The base of his opened crotch pulled at the rim of his head and over it, his prick snapping out from his body, straining with his massive erection. The tender insides of her forearms slid down his thighs, her hands removing his pants as she rubbed her cheek against his bulbous head, a crooning sign whispering from her lips as he freed her pants from her ankles. His eyelids lowering as her hands stretched and curved, drifting around his shaft, her satin-soft cheek caressing his knob, he looked down at her loins. She wore panties made of ivory silk, her cunny and her high muff contained within the high V of the front, a slender waistband circling just under the tops of her hips, laced with an even thinner ribbon of pink silk, each bowed at either side with the waistband of the back panel. As small as the panties were, they were made of two separate pieces of silk joined by an inner seam that ran down and under, over her slit, the cloth cut in such a way that the seam pulled into her mound, pressing the lush cheeks out to either side, emphasizing them and containing them. They were like two downy, silk-cased pillows, or a jewelry box‘s setting for a tiara. He slid his hands up her naked hips, starting to untie the bows, when he looked closer at the fine silk which allowed a suggestion of her pelt‘s gold to tint the whiteness. The seam was open within her nook and he moved his fingertips to the delicate shallows between her hips and her cunny, his palms guiding her thighs out to the sides, her cloven mound expanding, the damp russet of her hive showing within the slit of the panties. He inhaled sharply, her lips opening around his head, her tongue snaking down his shaft, her hands stroking it and rolling his root between his balls. He inserted his tongue between the silk-encased portals of her cunny and slid it up into the tropic sweetness of her hive. They turned together, her breasts twisting against his stomach, his hands squeezing up under the back V of her panties to knead her pert ass cheeks, her fingers stroking his root from the top of his sac to the base of his ass, his

tongue churning in her pulsing furrow, her mouth drawing tight around his rod as her head rose and fell upon its burning length. They groaned and writhed, their lungs heaving, orgasms flashing through her as the movement of his mouth quaked her clit into a searing bolt that sprayed sparks of joy throughout her. Then they lifted their flushed faces at the same time, their lidded eyes glassy, sharing the same thought and they turned into one another‘s arms, embracing tightly, their mouths fusing, their tongues blending their flavors. Her silk-covered abdomen and underbelly rubbed the underside of his shaft, the head pressed between their navels. They each loosened a ribbon and peeled the hourglass of the panties away, her fingers guiding his head between the drenched lips of her cunt. She groaned as he began to slide his engorged column up into the roiling contractions of her depths, glutting her with its thickness, the head rising before it and she loosened and tightened her vaginal muscles around his ascending spire, deepening the drumming sounding out through his every nerve ending. Her widening mouth pulled loose of his as he continued to fill her with his vast length, her hands clutching him, orgasms bursting in phosphorescent flashes, her equilibrium seesawing as his head stroked the quaking smoothness of her innermost recesses, his cock fully enveloped within her caressing humidity, their pubic hair weaving together, his weighted sac swinging against the undersides of her fanny. He moved feverishly within her, her body‘s fluid grace ravaging his sanity, his cock pounding with fiery passion, his blood pounding in his ears, their breathing ragged, their groans deepening and they rolled over, her curled legs gripping him as she bucked in the saddle of his hips, bobbing on the aching raptures of his prick, her tongue pressing between the corner of her lips, her body shuddering with the quickening peels of her orgasms. They slid from the couch, his hands clasping her sides, her arms around his neck, their mouths moving hungrily together and he slid them forward, his hands moving down to stroke the backs of her widening thighs, her hands sliding down to caress his stomach and she saw why he had moved them, a mirror reflecting them for her eyes. She bit softly at his shoulder, her mind spinning as she watched his cock rise almost free of her wet cleave, his balls

swinging and then slide back within her, her body trembling at its widening rise. His brain swam with rapturous delight, his come pounding for release, his body tensing, the muscles standing out, the throbbing now a staccato encompassing his entire body, pulling his juices free of his nuts. He lifted his face, his features tightening. She gasped as he thrust up into her, his length spasming within the broiling oven of her cunt and she cried out as the orgasms merged, racing higher. He twisted against her, gripping her body tightly, his bared teeth parting. His spend jetted through the whipping hose of his shaft. A strangled groan broke loose of his throat, white light blazing through his consciousness, his body stuttering against hers. She twisted in a carnal frenzy, the apex of her climax overcoming her, consuming her in ecstasy. His gizzum blasted from his prick, flooding the contracting and expanding depths of her cunny and her culmination exploded. They gasped for air, reeling in the wake of their fulfillment. He was stunned, the intensity of the pleasure she had evoked surpassing anything he had ever known before, even the superb abilities of Lauri.

„Oh, in the name of all that‘s ... „ he heard Lauri sob and he blinked with confusion, wondering if he was hallucinating, but when he turned his head he saw his wife standing inside the front door, staring at him and Felice with wide, tormented eyes.

Felice rolled away from him, he staggered to his feet, but Lauri was already going out the front door. Her car door slammed as he reached the porch, oblivious to his nudity and she threw the auto into reverse, screeching into the street. He watched her speed away and let out a deep breath, turning to go back inside, swinging the door shut behind him. Felice stood taking a sip of wine from her glass.

„Maybe I should split, huh?“ she offered, sorry about what had happened, but he shook his head.

„No, it was my idea for you to be here and you still haven‘t talked with Lauri. We‘ll just wait for her to return,“ he said and sat down on the couch, lifting his glass from the floor.

„And how‘ll we entertain ourselves this time?“ she asked with a smile and his grim frown was replaced by a smile as he laughed shortly.

Lauri drove aimlessly for awhile, upset at finding Rick balling with Felice, confused that the girl would be with a man, anger and frustration tearing at her. Eventually, she found herself approaching Clarise‘s home, ringing the doorbell, telling Karen that she wished to speak with Felice, hearing that she was still out and accepting the invitation to wait for her return. She followed the short-haired brunette, noticing how her very short, taffeta skirt drifted around the tops of her exquisite legs, the maroon cloth bright against her darkly tanned flesh. They entered a large living room, the inlaid floor reflecting them, glass and marble reflecting the diffused sunlight coming through the full length windows‘ gold madras drapes. There was a couch facing two chairs twelve feet away, all three upholstered with Prussian blue velvet, the frames built of circular pieces of stainless steel. The woman stopped by the chairs, turning to motion toward them, her onyx eyes bright. Lauri sat down, realizing that she felt fatigued as the woman left the room. Hearing the lulling, crystalline sound of water spilling into water, she turned her head to look across the room to where steps led down to a lower level. Through open French doors, she saw light glinting from the surface of the pool, verdant green plants beyond it. It was as if she were looking into another land, a place of contentment, rain water pouring into a fertile oasis.

Lauri blinked her eyes open and realized that she had fallen asleep, not knowing for how long. She looked around and saw that she was being watched, a woman reclining on the sofa across from her.

„I‘m Clarise and this is my home,“ she smiled warmly, the husky purr of her voice blending with the wind-chime sounds of the water.

„My-my name is Lauri, Lauri Orano?“ she said hesitantly.

„Yes, Felice has spoken of you,“ Clarise nodded, the organdy of her sashed, wrap-around dress clinging softly to her body, one of the butterfly sleeves floating down around her forearm as she raised a hand to the light waves of her ash-brown hair, her elegant bearing revealing nothing to Lauri who felt foolish for having come here.

„And about my husband?“ Lauri suddenly asked, the words spilling out on their own. „I just found them fucking in our living room and after ... „ she trailed off, her hands trembling and she pressed them against the mauve popeline of her pleated skirt.

„You‘ve never entertained the fantasy of seeing your husband and another woman making love?“ Clarise asked after a moment.

„No!“ Lauri snapped, pressing her fingertips to her necklace of small teak discs, a matching ring on one finger.

„Did they see you immediately, or did you watch before making yourself known?“ Clarise inquired casually, a silver ankle bracelet catching the light above the beaded-satin sandals.

„No, I-I ... „ Lauri began and then lowered her eyes, her teeth indenting the full pad of her lower lip. „Yes,“ she admitted in a barely audible whisper. „I watched them ... come ,cause I had-had wondered what he‘d look like with ... „

„Ah, here‘s Karen with some tea for us,“ Clarise smiled, unruffled, her big, wide-set breasts shifting beneath the tiny floral patterns of ivory, pink, russet and sorrel upon black.

The wheels of the serving cart moved silently over the floor, the tea service rattling gently as Karen returned, pushing the cart toward the

side of Lauri‘s chair. Lauri lifted her face, noticing how the woman‘s nipples pressed the plum jersey of her halter tank top out farther than her adolescent breasts did. Karen did not look back, preparing the tea. A thin, silver studded collar of white leather circled her throat, held with a double buckle at the back of her long, slender neck, a silver ring hanging over the shallow between her collarbones. She stood to one side of Lauri‘s view of the doorway to the pool. Karen stepped toward her, holding a tea cup and saucer. Chino, Clarise‘s big Alsatian, had come into the room to sit beside the couch, facing toward Lauri who found his dark, liquid eyes unnerving. She looked down, breaking their eye contact and saw his big prick slide out from its sheath. Startled by the dog‘s erection, she jerked her head up as Karen leaned forward, handing the tea to her. Lauri raised her hand by reflex, both their hands touching the saucer for a moment and then it fell, the cup tilting, the tea spilling through the air to splatter over her skirt and up onto her chiffon blouse, Lauri rising up with a short cry, Karen grabbing for the cup and saucer which shattered on the floor.

„I‘m terribly sorry,“ Clarise said, sitting forward, one hand stroking Chino‘s dark fur. „Karen‘ll take care of it,“ she smiled and Lauri nodded dumbly, tense as she sat back. Karen went to one knee beside Lauri‘s calf, a towel from the cart in her hand. Lauri saw her short skirt drape from the raised thigh of one of the woman‘s gorgeous legs, lifting up from the other, her upper thighs revealed almost to their apex. Karen held the towel between thumb and fingertips and gingerly pressed against the wetness of Lauri‘s skirt. Lauri stared down at Karen‘s hand as it moved over one thigh and then up it and to the center, the inside of her forearm brushing below. After leaving her house .that morning, Lauri had thought that she had been possibly reacting to her dream of the previous night when she had foregone either bra or panties. Naked beneath the thin stuff of the skirt, she gripped the chair arms as the woman‘s touch moved to her other leg, her flesh heating, Karen‘s face void of emotion as she touched gently up to the top of Lauri‘s thigh, her knuckles nudging between

her abdomen and hip. Lauri swallowed hard, her throat constricting. Karen dabbed between Lauri‘s legs, the skirt pressing down into the shallow, shifting at the very center due to the slight separation of her legs. Karen‘s eyes and hand lifted to the pearl gray blouse, Lauri‘s vertical navel hazily visible and she pressed another portion of the towel against the chiffon and its pink piping, the wet spots rubbed against Lauri‘s smooth belly by the delicate weight of her touch, her elbow shifting against her thighs. Lauri felt dizzied by what she did not acknowledge: arousal. Karen turned a bit toward her, the raised maroon skirt opening wider, her loins shadowed, silhouetted. Karen‘s hand moved to just below Lauri‘s tightened breasts, the peaked nipples of the lush teardrops gouging the cloth and then back to her skirt and the unattended stains along the center. She slid her other hand beneath the skirt, palm up, its back and her forearm‘s moving upward. Lauri‘s lips parted, her breathing strained, but she could not form the words of protest she sought. Karen‘s hand and arm caressed upward until she thought she felt the tips of Karen‘s fingers touch the wispy plume of her tremoring cunny. Still, Karen showed no sign of anything but a businesslike attitude, her other hand toweling the cloth against the concealed hand and arm. Lauri‘s shoulders and head pressed back against the chair, her eyelids lowering, her fanny twisting against the upholstered seat. „That was very clumsy of you, Karen,“ she heard Clarise say, sounding as if far away, „and must be dealt with.“ Lauri‘s breath caught as Karen‘s hand slid down her thighs and away. She blinked, seeing Karen standing to move toward the couch. Uncomprehending, she sat trembling, her light gray eyes wide, the soft blurring of her features increased sultrily. She watched Clarise unfasten her silver link belt from one end of the loop of white leather that served as a buckle and lift it to Karen‘s bowed throat, snapping it around the silver ring that dangled from the collar that matched the strap of what was now a leash. Clarise pulled downward, the flat links straightening and pulled Karen around to the side of her legs. „You know what to do,“ Clarise said firmly and Karen‘s hands went to one hip, opening her skirt which floated down around her long legs, baring the big, spherical globes of her rounded ass, her full hips and the downy curls of her plump cunny. Clarise

jerked on the leash, pulling Karen forward against the side of her leg and Karen fell across her lap, her lush fanny lifted vulnerably. Entranced, Lauri watched Clarise‘s other hand rise high to plunge down against Karen‘s ass, planting a slap upon it, sending a tremor through the cheek again and again, Karen‘s long legs scissoring as her buttocks grew pink, shifting with her kicks.

„This is what you want, isn‘t it?“ Clarise abruptly asked Lauri, startling her. „Because you feel guilty about being turned on by Felice,“ she said, her deep, velvety blue eyes staring into Lauri‘s and Lauri shook her head, anxiously denying what she had said, rising unsteadily to her feet. Ignoring her reaction, Clarise unfastened the collar from Karen‘s throat as she raised up and Karen put it around her throat. Bewildered, Lauri watched Karen sit on the couch, her naked legs spread as Clarise knelt between them, her hands opening the sash of her wrap-around dress. „Afraid to watch?“ Clarise smiled over her shoulder as the organdy floated away from her naked body, her voluptuous ass accented by her kneeling posture and Lauri looked back from the doorway to the pool with its view of blossoming plants.

„I-“ Lauri tried to begin, her voice breaking. „Yes, it‘s-it‘s true,“ she forced herself to say, her shoulders shaking as tears spilled from her eyes. „I do feel guilty, want to watch, want-“ she broke off with a sob, her eyes pleading for help though the two women only watched, waiting for her to finish. „Want her!“ she screamed and gradually sank to her knees, weakened by forcing the truth free.

She felt their tender hands upon her and she tensed at the sight of Clarise and Karen kneeling with her, fully naked. She closed her eyes, forcing herself to not fight back, if not to relax. Her clothing was gone and she felt herself lifted and guided toward the sounds of spilling water. She was slowly lowered into the pool to float weightlessly between the two gently caressing women, Karen‘s lips adorning her breasts with supping kisses, Clarise‘s hair soft against Lauri‘s cheek

as she kissed her shoulder, one hand caressing the small of her back while the other flowed over her breasts, stimulating the pleasures Karen‘s mouth had implanted, her breasts stroking the front and back of Lauri‘s arm, her cunny rubbing her hip. Lauri‘s head lolled back to the side as she bobbed in the currents, Karen‘s mouth moving down her stomach and beneath the surface to the drifting foliage of Lauri‘s furrow, her tongue swimming inward to bring her raptures to fruition, harvesting ecstasy that overwhelmed Lauri. She cried out with release,-her body suddenly giving up all its tensions and she felt as if she were emerging with the water itself, evaporating from steam.

Lauri‘s eyes flickered open and she realized that she had slipped into sleep from the culmination of her climax, now awakening in a large bed, her fatigue vanquished, the sheets cool against her naked body. She looked up to one side and smiled, seeing Felice standing there staring down at her, equally naked and Felice smiled back. It was as if she were dreaming on the threshold of sleep, but a very different dream from that of the night before. She moved her eyes down the fluid lushness of Felice‘s body, amazed at how well she had imagined it with its round nipples upon rounded breasts, its defined stomach and golden muff, though its form was a happy surprise. She turned her head on the pillow and saw Clarise standing across from Felice in the soft light of late afternoon. She felt girlish as she looked down past the foot of the bed and was surprised to see Rick. She felt a moment‘s apprehension, but he smiled, his forearms resting atop the high back of a chair turned at an angle toward her, Karen seated comfortably in it, his knees resting between hers on the seat, his big cock in her suckling mouth, his balls cupped in her palms, her joined fingertips kneading his root.

Overcome with happiness, she raised her hands toward Felice, her eyes brimming with tears and the girl slid into her arms, their lips touching. Felice slid her fingers through the fiery spill of Lauri‘s long, soft hair, her palms caressing her cheeks and temples as their

mouths joined and the fluid length of her tongue flowed into Lauri‘s mouth. Lauri murmured blissfully, the teardrops of her breasts pressing to the rounded domes of Felice‘s, her hands gliding down the girl‘s supple back, sweeping in with her narrow waist, following the sculpted contouring, her fingertips pressing within the defined indentation of her spine till they came to the triangular cleft above her fanny, her palms cupping the lush tops of her nether cheeks. Their bellies undulated together, gold fur and roseate plume meshing, ginger-tan flesh and creamy-gold caressing, the envelopes of their cunnies opening against one another damply, rosy and dusky pink stroking softly, the pearls of their clits feverishly rubbing into the sleek heat of the other‘s furrow. Their legs curled together as they rolled over, their hands gripping the pliant softness of each other‘s bodies, their heads buzzing with the drifting soar of their pleasure, their long, delayed sharing.

Rick watched with glazed eyes as Lauri and Felice moved together, reminding him of a gently lapping tide. They were the two most fantastic lovers he had ever known, his wife and the girl and now they were making love with one another, their long and shapely legs moving together with subtle grace, their shoulders shifting as their hands both caressed and pulled them tighter, Lauri‘s long hair pulling over Felice‘s short, golden blonde hair, the two of them seeming to interweave, their murmurs of ecstasy joining. He slid his hands down to caress Karen‘s supple shoulders, his eyes closing to the rapturous rhythms her mouth and hands were playing through his loins, her tongue lapping along his dorsal vein as her cheeks and palate tightened and loosened around the sides and top of his throbbing shaft, her tender palms rolling his balls, shifting his heating come as her fingers moved between the base of his cock and his anus, working his thick root. He groaned, swaying as waves of excruciating arousal moved through him.

Lauri trembled, the damp friction of Felice‘s slit against hers sending an orgasm through her that expanded like a soap bubble, tremorous

and weightless, suddenly bursting as if in slow motion, tentacles of warmth curling through her. She kissed the smooth plane of Felice‘s forehead and the glintings of down at her temple, her hands pulling up her sides. Felice squeezed her hips, her-fingers curling around to indent the lightly downed pillows of her ass cheeks, her lips curling in an elfin smile, her neck craning as the woman kissed her face. They laughed together and Felice kissed Lauri‘s throat, Lauri‘s hands cupping her breasts. She cried out, her nook spasming against Lauri‘s stroking thigh and she pressed her hands to the tops of Lauri‘s thighs, sliding her knees up between Lauri‘s legs, the widening ovals of her tush lifting as she moved her lips to the sloping tops of her breasts, pursing her lips over the warm teardrops till she came to the narrowing peaks, her mouth closing on the small, upturned peaks of her rosy-pink nipples as her hands moved inward, each curving to either rich half of her mound, the bright plume of Lauri‘s hair damp. Lauri sighed, basking in the feel of Felice‘s slender fingers sliding into her cunt to play over both sides enticingly, beckoning the broiling sultriness to life, urging her orgasms forth. Lauri lifted her knees, pressing them against Felice‘s raised hips, her hands squeezing her suspended tits, the top curves merging with the downward slope of her chest into the pliantly firm globes. Lauri‘s fingers indented them, Felice‘s fingers drawing another orgasm from her. With a shuddering groan, she pressed Felice‘s body to the side with her hold on her hips and she turned from the waist as Felice kissed the inside of her thigh. Lauri‘s hair flowed over Felice‘s belly, Felice‘s kiss moving up the inside of her thigh and they hugged each other‘s hips, their breasts rubbing and pulling against the other‘s bellies as their lips moved over and along one another‘s drenched cunnies and they tasted of one another, their lips moving up and down the shimmering slits. They gripped one another, their bodies arching as they felt the other press her tongue deep, their lips moving against the portals of their sex. Their clits pulsed quicker and quicker, bobbing in their kisses, bathed by their tongues, each orgasm inspiring them to greater passion which, in turn, increased the other to even greater fervor, so that their lovemaking spiraled upward, their ecstasies soaring, their bodies shaking with orgasms and they cried out into one

another, shaken to their depths by the cascading tides of joy, their minds spinning within it. Their bodies locked tightly, vibrating faster and faster until they reached the zenith, the crescendo ringing through them. Gradually, they went limp against the bed, gasping for breath, their hearts pounding, their parted lips curled in satiated smiles.

The sounds of their release provided the catalyst for Rick‘s steadily mounting pleasure to quicken, Karen‘s mouth sucking faster, her hands stroking his root, juggling his balls. He gripped the chair, his eyes parting enough for him to see Felice and Karen as they came and his juices exploded from his balls, jetting through his spasming length to gush into Karen‘s gulping mouth, her hands moving to his hips to balance him as he swayed drunkenly from the impact of his climax.

Lauri and Felice rolled onto their backs, side by side and smiled at Clarise who had stood watching them. She slid onto the bed, her hands moving up their stomachs as she pressed her lips to Lauri‘s bright plume and then to Felice‘s gleaming pelt, her knees straddling their touching thighs. She stretched forward, cupping a rounded breast in one hand and a teardrop in the other, kissing their nipples as her thighs rubbed their humid slits, their hands encasing the wide-set domes of her big breasts, chafing the tan nubs of her indented nipples outward. She moved higher and their three mouths pressed together, their tongues curling and licking together as their bodies, squeezed tightly together, Lauri and Felice‘s thighs locking around the shifting of hers, their joined hips caressing her plump, hairless cunt in counterpoint to her caressings of theirs. They murmured and groaned, writhing together, orgasms blossoming into a garden of delirious abandon the three women immerged themselves in, kissing and suckling, twisting and stretching, until they had to pause to recover, happily spent.

Karen stood with Rick, his cock once again erect, jutting out long and hard before him as they walked toward the bed, their hands linked. They smiled at the blurred grins of the tousled three and moved around to either side of the bed, their fingers slipping apart.

„Good t‘see you again,“ he said softly to Lauri as she and Felice smiled up at him and they raised up on to their knees to lower him to the big bed, their hands joining around his shaft as their tongues danced in his mouth. He hugged them to him, kissing them back, his hands moving down to their asses, his cock throbbing.

Karen stretched out with Clarise on the other side of the bed, Clarise‘s big tits crushing against the diminutive rises of Karen‘s, their cunnies rubbing together as they kissed languidly.

Lauri and Felice turned and Rick inhaled deeply as their hands and mouths moved down his body to center around his balls and cock. He slid his arms around their hips, kneading their fannies as their mouths joined around his prick, their tongues dueling against his tremoring shaft, their lips moving up and down as they fondled his balls and root with their hands, his fingers curling into their humid cunnies as they filled him with volcanic waves of ecstasy. It all seemed too good to be true and he began to come, shaking as his spend blasted free, their mouths joining around his head as his juices gushed from his spasming cock to share in drinking down his hot gizzum. It was true and it was good-very good.